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SHALL WE CURB THE SUPREME COURT?

I—LABOR AND LAW

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THE real ruler of the United States is not Congress but five members of the Supreme Court. This writer advocates a constitutional amendment to curb its power. From the time of the Dred Scott case to the recent Child Labor Law its decisions have wrought many a social injustice. In passing upon the latest social learning the Court, in a world of sunlight and electricity, has with whale-oil lamps gone down into the graves of more than a hundred years ago to garner wisdom from men who died in ignorance.

PREËMINENT among the institutions of our country, for the learning and integrity of its members, stands our Supreme Court. Its enemies confess that it is beyond the touch of corrupt motives, and often the court has demonstrated its fearlessness. Yet it is composed of men not free from the faults of their fellows, even on the bench, — men possessed of love of power, and tenacious of what they believe to be their rights. It is of some of the results of these natural human frailties that we have to speak. It has been the fortune of the times that many of the most important laws relating to labor and social reform have met with the legal condemnation of the Supreme Court. The reaction on the part of the labor and progressive public has been against the Supreme Court to such an extent that, more powerfully than ever before, an agitation has sprung up against the power of the Court which is exciting the attention of both bench and bar. The attention of Congress has been evidenced by the presentation of a half-dozen bills designed to curb the courts, and doubtless many more will follow in the present session.

The existence of judicial power to set aside legislative acts was

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from the moment of the formation of the Federal Government questioned or denied, and precedents in Colonial days or before the establishment of the Constitution were scanty and usually doubtful, while sometimes the courts questioned or denied the existence of such power in them. Upon the first notable announcement, in 1803 of the existence of the power in the case of Marbury *vs.* Madison the line was clearly drawn between its advocates and opponents. Later, in 1857, in the Dred Scott case, the Supreme Court by its declaration that the Missouri Compromise, enacted by Congress in the spirit of peace, was void, intensified instead of settling a political dispute, and inflamed the country to such an extent as to hasten if not render inevitable a civil war. The Supreme Court therein planted itself in the very pathway of a great social reform and for the time made right unattainable.

The Dred Scott case made millions feel that the Supreme Court possessed in its claimed jurisdiction a dangerous power, and thinking people commenced to believe, if they had not appreciated the fact before, that it was unwise that a few men, divorced from the people, should control the political destinies of the United States.

In 1870 the Supreme Court by a vote of five to four declared that the legal tender acts of the time of the Civil War were void. True it is that on a rehearing this result was reversed, and the acts which in 1870 were unconstitutional were in 1871 approved under the Constitution. The wabbling course of the court, however the final result may be regarded, undeniably lowered its dignity.

Passing over the intervening cases we come to the income tax decision of 1895. Here we find a court finally standing five to four against the law, — an act of Congress designed to make wealth contribute a small share of its gains to the government which had enabled private individuals to grow at least well-to-do. Again the Supreme Court, in its protection of wealth as more important than life, which in a time of stress could be taken by conscription, subjected itself to severe condemnation. This, too, was through the exercise of a power not clearly given it by the Constitution.

Later years have intensified the situation, and many events have occurred to weaken the prestige of the court, which has almost uniformly stood in the way of the working out of social reform and advancement. Lest these may seem the words of

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rhetoric we refer to the first Federal Employers' Liability decision, overruling Congress by a five to four vote; the Adair case annulling a statute prohibiting discharge of men in interstate commerce because of union membership (a five to four vote), the case of Hammer *vs.* Dagenhart (a five to four decision), vindicating the right of employers to engage child labor of the tenderest years, the District of Columbia Minimum Wage decision, invalidating by a vote of five to three a law protecting women and children, and indirectly rendering unenforceable many similar labor laws in a dozen of the States of the Union.

Paralleling these decisions have run decisions of the Supreme Court affecting the social conditions within the States. In the Lochner case from New York, a State law fixing the hours of labor of bakers was invalidated by a vote of five to four. Later the authority of this case seemed impaired by a decision favorable to a statute of Oregon controlling the working hours of women, but nevertheless in the District of Columbia Minimum Wage decision it was treated as still authoritative. In the case of Coppage *vs.* Kansas, where a State law had prohibited an employer from prescribing as a condition to service that an employee should not be or become a member of a labor organization, the Supreme Court by a vote of six to three held the statute unconstitutional. In the case of Adams *vs.* Tanner, a law of the State of Washington designed to protect the unemployed when seeking employment was held void. In the Truax case a statute of Arizona limiting the use of injunctions in labor disputes was held unconstitutional. This enumeration is not complete, but it is sufficient to meet our present purpose.

From a political, as distinguished from a social, point of view, the Supreme Court from first holding that it had no power to review the action of the States in fixing compensation to be charged by public utilities, has of late years taken into its own hands the ultimate determination of the fairness of the return for public services, — this for constitutional reasons the validity of which it had at first altogether denied. Thus it is that all ultimate power over social and political questions has been reserved by the Supreme Court to itself, and the public has grown restive under these judicial assumptions of power.

Upon what ground do all these cases ultimately rest? Stated in

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a few words, the theory is that, if the founders of our Constitution in 1787 had known that such questions could arise, they would have considered that the language they used under different circumstances 136 years ago applied to them. Imagine if you please what the Fathers knew about Trade Unions, hours of labor, child labor in factories, minimum wages to women and children, railway rates, and the complex questions of our present civilization! We have far outgrown our legal clothing. For the ideas of the Fathers, necessarily restricted by their civilization, the courts really have substituted their own ideas of right and wrong, and have fitted the Constitution to these reactionary ideas, overruling the legislature, which has usually listened to present day demands.

Thus when we are called on to respect our original Constitution and its provisions, what those making the appeal ask is not that we shall respect the original document, but that we shall adhere to a construction created by the Supreme Court, amplifying and extending this in such manner that the first framers could by no possibility recognize their own paternity in it any more than they could understand the phonograph, the dynamo, or the flying machine. To the courts the Constitution is a peg on which to hang predilections in politics and sociology and call them law.

As has been indicated, the Supreme Court has in numerous classes of questions found in the Constitution no criteria satisfying it, and has created its own. Due process of law, for instance, — originally meaning nothing more than that the party defendant should be served with notice and have his day in court, — has been given an extension wide enough to enable the court to express its opinion of the rightfulness or wrongfulness of the acts of legislatures or legislative agencies on social or political questions.

Protection of property is found to impose upon the courts the right and power to make theoretical control over the actions of people itself property, as well as to give a man a property right in the preservation of particular forms of legal procedure. A mere privilege to perform a public service (a franchise) has been translated into property through the Dartmouth College case and its successors. It would seem as if the creation and definition of property and property rights was a function peculiarly depending upon the legislative or popular will, but the courts have taken these subjects into their own hands as against the legislature.

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We need hardly remind the reader that the Supreme Court's definition of property in slaves, however, was only overruled by the people after a bloody war, and that the legislature within our own time has taken away the distinguishing characteristics of property from the lottery business, and our legislative branches and the people from the distillery, the brewery, and the saloon.

To show, however, even more clearly the doubtful exercise of power by the Supreme Court in all the important respects referred to, we need but point to the repeated dissents on the part of a minority continually made against the assumption that the court knew more of the necessities of the times than the legislature. Surely if the majority had based their action upon definitely understood constitutional principles, no differences of moment need have arisen.

But just how does the Supreme Court declare an act of Congress unconstitutional? Usually a dispute arises between two private individuals. The plaintiff, let us say, seeks to recover by virtue of an act of Congress, the constitutionality of which is denied by the defendant. The court of last resort sustains the defendant's position, and declares the act void. Nevertheless the act remains on the statute books, as the court has no right of repeal. What therefore the court has done is simply to say "we will not enforce this act, as it seems to us void, or unconstitutional."

The words "void" or "unconstitutional" as applying to the statute, appear to the writer in perhaps a majority of instances not to express the real idea back of the court's decision. Often all the court means is that at the moment, or under existing circumstances, the act if enforced would contravene constitutional provisions, — not therefore that it is void or absolutely unconstitutional. This thought simplifies the issue, but serves to show that what the court is really doing is picking and choosing among the statutes as to what it will enforce and when. We may illustrate by certain possible cases. The legislature has fixed certain rates for gas. The corporation appeals to the court on the theory that under the rates fixed it cannot make a profit comparable with the current rate of interest. Let us suppose in this instance that the court finds against the corporation. It will for the time being sustain the act. If later interest rates should materially advance,

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or the cost of production substantially increase, a new application may be successfully made to the court which will now say that the legislature's act carried out would take away private property without compensation or without due process of law, and refuse enforcement of the law or call it void. In such cases as these the court acts as the supreme power in the State. It does not really declare an act void, since the same enactment cannot be good today and void tomorrow. It has exercised a judicial (or shall we say arbitrary) power to enforce or not to enforce a legislative act.

Perhaps at the present time the larger share of legislative acts called unconstitutional come under the foregoing description, but, as must be apparent with this description, the court has not really declared the act but only the manner or occasion of its enforcement to be unconstitutional or void.

But on other occasions the courts have directly declared acts of Congress void, as in the Dred Scott case and the Income Tax case in 1895. A curious feature is that in perhaps the majority of cases in which the courts have declared Congressional acts unconstitutional, the United States or the people as a whole have been unrepresented. The very wheels of government have been blocked by the result of litigation to which the nation, the party most interested, was no party. This was true of the Dred Scott case, the legal tender case (first decision), the Income Tax decision of 1895 (where the government was heard only as a matter of courtesy), and many others.

Why then has the government without a word accepted these decisions made in its legal absence? Because, owing to the firm hold the doctrine of *stare decisis* (the doctrine by virtue of which courts stand by a decision once made) has on the courts, the Government has known that a later direct appeal by it to the courts would be futile.

The net result of the situation so far outlined is that the real ruler of the country is not the Congress nor the President, but the Supreme Court itself. Perhaps the country is the better for it or the worse, but the arrangement is not democratic.

There are those, and the writer is among them, who believe that the power now exercised by the Supreme Court is as dangerous to the ultimate welfare of the nation as arbitrary power, whether vested in kings, dictators, or oligarchs of whatever de-

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scription, has always been. This is not to say that every act of king or other potentate or of the Supreme Court itself has always, or even it may be in the majority of cases, proved injurious to the body of the people. But in the time of storm and stress when humanity presses against selfish or entrenched interests, the Supreme Court as a dictator offers dangers as real as those offered by any other institution of autocratic power.

Does this seem to be too strong an expression? Let us judge the future by the past. Let us learn what may be the destructive potentialities of this form of power by that shown in other comparable instances.

Shortly before the French Revolution Turgot proposed edicts doing away with the exemption of nobility from taxation. To give these edicts effect they had to be registered by the Parliament of Paris. The Parliament refused registration on the ground that they would be contrary to the Constitution of France, though in fact there was no written constitution. Said the Parliament: "Every system which under an appearance of humanity and benevolence, would tend to establish between men an equality of duties, and to destroy necessary distinctions, would soon lead to disorder (the inevitable result of equality) and would bring about the overturn of civil society."

More than perhaps any other one thing, this declaration of unconstitutionality forced the French Revolution with all its horrors. The court (for the Parliament of Paris in this respect spoke as an American court) having forbidden redress of grievances in an orderly way, as unconstitutional, relief was only to be had through violence.

Paralleling the action of the Parliament of Paris, was that of the Supreme Court in 1895 in declaring the Income Tax law void. This precipitated, it is true, no revolution, but the result was that for some eighteen years wealth escaped a fair contribution to the national expenses while the consuming millions out of their necessities supplied the lacking revenues. To the common man during those years the Supreme Court was an expensive luxury.

We advert to the Dred Scott case wherein the Supreme Court contributed its great share to a disastrous explosion. In this case it attempted to stay a political revolution with which as a court it had no concern. It stopped orderly evolution. With the first

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legal tender decision as established precedent, the Supreme Court might have seriously handicapped the operations of government in a time of stress. Fortunately the decision was reversed on rehearing.

In the Child Labor case, the first Employers' Liability decision, the Minimum Wage case, and others of like social character, the Supreme Court, following constitutional constructions of which the Fathers knew nothing, and which were doubted usually by nearly half of the court's members, condemned thousands to stinted lives or to death, to unrequited injuries, to earnings too scanty to sustain a decent living. These are but a few of the more striking cases. Can we not believe that their multiplication may at some inopportune moment supply the explosive element that may shatter our institutions?

On the other hand, has the Supreme Court in any widely important way served to check oppressive action on the part of Congress? A friend of the court's power, acquainted with the subject, has been able to name less than ten occasions in 135 years in which the Supreme Court has checked the enforcement of congressional acts assumed to have been unconstitutional. No one of these was of any widespread importance, save perhaps the Monongahela case in which a private franchise or privilege was treated as if it were genuinely private property, and public rights were fatally limited. Always it was possible (court or no court) for a succeeding Congress, on appeal being made to it, to correct the evil, a situation materially different from that prevailing in the Supreme Court where years must elapse before there can be any radical change of membership and where precedent, and not the reason of the day, controls.

Is there anything in democracy requiring that it be checked by a dose of autocracy? Ours is the only great nation that so thinks or at least so acts. France, with Turgot's experience fresh before her, refused in 1791 and has refused ever since, to allow the courts to be the supreme judges over legislation. In England Parliament has always been supreme and no court could challenge its action. The same has been true of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Shall we say, can we honestly believe, that life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are better protected in the United States than in the countries named? There seems but one

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answer, and if that be No, then what excuse remains for the perpetuation of the most autocratic feature of our government?

Careful comparison between the United States and England will show that in England the kernel of government is democracy, the people and not the courts controlling, while the outer innutritious shell is monarchic and autocratic. In the United States the reverse is true. The front presented to the world is democratic, the kernel, — the life of the whole, — autocratic; the power of the judges who are responsible to no higher authority to fix the bounds, nature, and duties of government.

Without thorough study of the power of courts over legislation, acute foreign students of our government, such as De Tocqueville and Bryce, have bestowed high praise upon this peculiarity of our government. Such praise was deserved but misdirected. The thing they have really had in mind was the control of the Supreme Court over the legislative acts of States. A control of this sort had to exist somewhere, else the squabbles and ambitions of States, each seeking a selfish advantage at the expense of its fellows, might well have destroyed the Union. That the court in all except social legislation has usually exercised this power properly may be conceded. As to social legislation most often it has failed in both the fields of State and national action. To pass upon the constitutionality of the latest progressive step, the court, in a world of sunlight and electricity, has with whale-oil lamps gone down into the graves of more than a hundred years ago to garner the wisdom of the past in regard to matters of which the illustrious dead had no glimmering knowledge.

Nevertheless, until the authority now resting in the Supreme Court to control State action shall find a new and effective repository, the Supreme Court may properly continue to exercise it. The writer, as things are today with no other substitute, would agree with Mr. Justice Holmes in saying, "I do not think the United States would come to an end if we (the Supreme Court) lost our power to declare an act of Congress void. I do think the Union would be imperiled if we could not make that declaration as to the laws of the several States."

What is the remedy? A plain and simple one would be by Constitutional amendment to deprive the Supreme Court of the United States of its power to declare void or to refuse to enforce

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any act of Congress whatever. As I believe, if I read correctly the proceedings of the Federal Convention of 1787, the joining together of Congress and the President in the enactment of Legislation, or, in case of difference, of two thirds of both Houses, was meant as a substitute for all other censorship over the constitutionality of acts of Congress, other forms being rejected. By this Amendment we should be canceling all usurped or imaginary power of the courts over the subject. More than a mere majority, — let us say three fourths, — should concur in nullifying the acts of the States.

By such a measure we should at once escape our danger from autocracy now becoming yearly more pervasive in the political and social world.

II—WHY AN UMPIRE?

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

THE able Senator from Pennsylvania vigorously defends the Supreme Court as a necessary check upon the acts of Congress. The Court is a device to prevent the Federal Government from eating up the States and to prevent the States from strangling the Federal Government. The Constitution embodies the rules of the game. Every player on two contesting teams may be as intelligent as the umpire, but the rules are more likely to be kept intact if he, and not the players, is given jurisdiction to interpret them without prejudice.

A CERTAIN resolution now pending in the Senate of the United States leads us to speculate what the course of our national life would be if we were suddenly to give to the Congress all the power which in England is wielded by the Parliament. One hundred and thirty-five years ago the people of the United States said to Senators and Congressmen, "You shall exercise no powers except such as through the Constitution we have conferred upon you. That document is your commission: it is the measure of your authority to act for us. If you exceed that authority your acts will not bind us." For centuries before that time, and ever since, the people of England have said to members of Parliament, "Assemble at Westminster and enact for us any laws you please. We expect you to observe in a general way the unwritten rules of the game according to which we have been accustomed to live; but there is no written

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document or form of words to define or limit your powers. Act and we are bound."

The vast significance of the difference between the two systems becomes evident when we look into the Constitution of the United States. There we find that only a relatively few powers are conferred upon the Congress. All the rest of the long, long list of powers which a legislature may exercise are reserved to the States or to the people. What, I repeat, would be the course of events if suddenly we, the people of the United States, were to adopt the English system and were to withdraw all powers from the State legislatures and confer them upon the Congress, thereby converting the Congress from a federal legislature into a national parliament?

At present all or most of the internal concerns of the States are regulated by their own legislatures acting under the provisions of State Constitutions. Senators and Congressmen are warned to limit their enactments to matters affecting all the States alike, — coining money, carrying the mails, regulating interstate and foreign commerce, levying taxes for federal purposes, maintaining the Army and Navy, and other great national activities. Why not say to Senators and Congressmen, "We instruct you to take over the entire responsibility of government for all the States? Proceed to legislate for all the States and for all the cities and towns exactly as you do for the District of Columbia. All legislative power is yours."

The reader should reflect seriously upon this proposal. He must ask himself whether he is satisfied that local self-government should be replaced by nation-wide rule from a central seat of power. If he is satisfied that this is wise, and if enough of our fellow citizens are like-minded, the thing can be accomplished by a single amendment to the Constitution such as is contemplated in the pending resolution introduced by Senator La Follette. All that is needed is to deprive the Supreme Court of the United States of the authority which it now has to declare acts of Congress unconstitutional.

As a practical matter, this would mean that Senators and Congressmen would become the sole interpreters of the Constitution. If a specified majority of both houses were to persist in passing a certain bill and, if it were vetoed by the President, were to over-

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ride the veto, the measure would at once become an enforceable law. If thereafter in a litigation between private individuals one were to assert a right given by the statute and the other were to contend that the statute was violative of the Constitution and therefore inoperative, the answer of the court would be that the Senators and Congressmen, by passing the act, had declared it to be consonant with the Constitution and that their opinion on the subject was final.

If, for example, the Congress were to repeal the charter of the city of Madison and were to substitute a form of government of their own choosing, the people of Wisconsin would have to acquiesce. If the Congress were to revise the land laws of California and were to establish a new policy in regard to alien ownership, the people of that State would have to submit. If the Congress were to adopt new election laws for Virginia and were to prescribe the qualifications of State officers and their terms of office, the citizens of the Old Dominion could make no effective objection. If the Congress were to remove the capital of Louisiana from Baton Rouge to New Orleans, no local opposition could prevail, unless, indeed, by successful revolution.

At present legislation of this sort would be declared by the Supreme Court to lie outside the scope of the powers of Senators and Congressmen. The Court exists to construe the Constitution and to declare the invalidity of acts of Congress which invade the reserved rights of the States and of acts of State legislatures which tend to obstruct the powers given to the Congress. In other words, the Court is a device to prevent the Federal Government from eating up the States and to prevent the States from strangling the Federal Government.

The people of the United States in 1789 adopted a body of good resolutions to order the course of our national life. This collection of good resolutions we style our Constitution. They introduced it with these words: "We the people of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Marshall and the other wise men who gave substance to the new

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government believed that the best way to keep the good resolutions intact was through the medium of a body of interpreters whose sole business it should be to prevent the resolutions from being whittled away in emergencies. They knew that from time to time the Congress would be moved to claim more and more power. The same wave of opinion that would move the Congress to claim the larger power would move Senators and Congressmen to conclude that their proposal was in harmony with the Constitution and not a violation of it. They had observed the tendency of the individual to escape from his own good resolutions by bending them to accommodate the very desires which he had determined to curb. They believed it wise to attribute the power of final interpretation to a body of men near enough to the life of the people to be animated with the spirit of America but sufficiently detached to be willing and able to stand up for the resolutions even under pressure.

Reviewing the history of the United States two facts stand out. One is that our Government alone among the greater nations of the world has, during the last 135 years, retained its unchanged form. The other is that our national prosperity and happiness has, during the same period, exceeded that of any other nation. It is of course open to any man to contend that this has been in spite of our constitutional system and not because of it. On the other hand, the man who believes that this is a mere assertion, incapable of proof and in itself unreasonable, would seem to have the best of the argument.

If it is said that Senators and Congressmen can interpret the Constitution as intelligently as judges, the answer is that the question is not one of innate intelligence but of relative detachment from the excitement of the moment. It may well be that every player on both of two contending baseball teams is as intelligent as the umpire, but the rules of the game are more likely to be kept intact if he and not the players is given jurisdiction to interpret them.

It may be said that Senators and Congressmen would in practice exercise self-restraint in the enactment of legislation and that they would not in fact encroach upon the States. The example of England may be cited as proof to support the assertion. But in reply three things may be said: first, that it has required in Eng-

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land centuries of bitter experience to acquire the self-control which we should be seeking to develop over night; second, that the House of Commons has only so recently broken loose from the restraining influence of the House of Lords that it is too soon to assert that the self-control of a popular assembly is actually operative there; and, third, that such recent English legislative experiments as the dole have proved far from successful and tend to raise serious doubts whether even in England the English way is the wisest.

There are indeed those whose philosophy of life abhors resolutions. Such people believe in what is called self-expression,—that is, translating into conduct the impulse of the moment. To them an ordered life is slavery and a written Constitution interpreted by an unexcited court is little short of an abomination. Starting from such premises, it is an inevitable conclusion that nothing should be allowed to obstruct Senators and Congressmen in executing what at the moment they believe to be the popular will. If, on the other hand, people are at their best when they play the game according to fixed rules, perhaps we in the United States will do well to retain an umpire commissioned to remind us that such rules exist, and to tell us what they mean,—even if to that extent the umpire cramps our style.

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THE BRITISH SOVIET

GRIFFIN BARRY

THE British revolution will probably come without our being aware of it, so natural, so inevitable will it then seem to us to be, prophesied Norman Angell. Here is a vivid picture of the men and women who have prepared the way and are now adapting socialistic ideas to English requirements. These people have no intention of doing away with tea, tennis, historic castles, or other delightful institutions. Mr. Barry cornered a number of them at Warwick Castle and in Mr. H. G. Wells' garden.

I WENT bus-riding to find the emerging government of England. The Labor Party was not yet in power, for the time was last summer; but visibly the tide had set toward Labor. Labor's friends were building an armada of projects to float on the unmistakable current. Labor's enemies were strengthening their dykes. "Where can these new people be seen off guard?" I asked a friend in London, remembering that the look and behavior of politicians are more interesting than their words. Forthwith I was invited to a picnic at Easton Lodge, Lady Warwick's place in Essex, recently turned over to the party as an out-of-London rendezvous. A week later a dozen rickety busses trundled us through a pleasant country whose hollows were fenced into populous small holdings and whose hilltops were shut behind the walls of great estates. They lay like sleepy giants on the hilltops, these great estates, — unkempt, nearly uninhabited, barely aware of the encroaching valley population.

Presently we turned into one of the big places, a lordly stretch of English earth held for centuries by the Maynard family of whom Lady Warwick is the last representative, now by a curious chance lent to the socialists. When we reached the Lodge we found that the Socialist countess lived in a small new wooden structure tacked to the great manor she had given her friends to use. It was a handsome, spreading, eighteenth century pile, hale in its late age. My friend and I got down and stood aside. Trade union boss, parliament member, speaker in the field, radical parson, university don, journalist, — the supporters of the future government filed past. Taxis and busses deposited scores of them. My friend and I found a place under a tree and consumed our white wine and sandwiches while the world went by.

"Who is that?" I indicated a lady in a lace dress and a picture

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hat, with earrings of brilliants and a red feather that swept her shoulders.

"Dear old Warwick herself," was the reply. "Got her duties as a hostess awfully on her mind, hasn't she?"

Lady Warwick was working hard as a hostess certainly; beads of perspiration stood out on her handsome powdered face. Presently she dropped beside us on the grass to drink wine out of our aluminium cup. She had jewels, urbanity, the class drawl. Also a brisk air of details well attended to she carried with her. Very evidently this was no indolent aristocrat. If she had been born with a golden spoon in her mouth, she had learned long since to help herself with it.

We saw her later, — for all one could see, only a practised court lady making friends with the incoming government, a little arch, a little motherly, arbitrating a conversation between a vehement Welshman and a Labor-Liberal, drawing in an interrogative American to damp down the Celt's fire as it rose to the blazing point, informing a persistent schoolmaster that Ramsay MacDonald, then conferring in an upper room, couldn't be disturbed. Margaret Bondfield, who had risen from a draper's shop, spoke to her. The former shopgirl talked; the countess listened.

I reflected on the art of politics as practised by Whig, Tory, Liberal, and now Labor,—the ancient utilitarian British art of harnessing extremes.

People were pouring in and out of the Lodge now. Lunch was over and the gardens became alive. We drifted toward a conversation on the stone steps.

Susan Lawrence, councillor from the London slum of Poplar, was describing the refusal of her Borough Council to collect the municipal taxes until the rate had been graded down to accord with the district's poverty. How they had all gone to jail rather than pay; how they had emerged weeks later in triumph, although it was a triumph disguised as a compromise in the report that the out-manoeuvered authorities gave to the press.

Below this attorney for the poor sat Miss Bondfield. Twenty years before, she had advertised Labor Party rallies by writing in chalk on the pavement before factories; the party treasury couldn't afford handbills. Lately she had been sent to expound

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Labor policy from Moscow to Chicago, an envoy from the prospective government of England. She sat quietly nodding approval of her friend's points, — a veteran pink-cheeked publicist with a comely housewife's face above a cheap summer dress and cotton stockings.

A shop steward held another group in the garden, outlining workers' control in the factories. A young doctor from the East End described the sweat shops he knew.

We went inside and my friend named some of the leaders. Philip Snowden, over there behind the marble bust, — a pale Puritan intellectual who would have been a man after Cromwell's own heart, with the moral fire of the Puritan revolution and the methods of this one. Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, whose ancestor made Wedgwood china in the Five Towns. Lately this man had all but slain the archaic English divorce law in a curt letter to the press, signed with his famous name, describing the sordid steps he had been obliged to take to secure a divorce.

These are Puritans, after all; heirs to the tradition of 1688; delegates from the Puritanism that still lives in England.

Ponsonby and Trevelyan and the Buxton brothers came in, — rebel sons of the landed oligarchy that once governed. A close interlocking group they made in Parliament, reaching for the control of Britain's foreign policy in Labor's name.

Buttonholed on the staircase by the indefatigable pedagogue we saw Ramsay MacDonald, once a Scots plowboy. People knew then that he would be Premier when they cut the Labor cake that was slowly baking, — a tall, fine-featured man who has come so great a distance from his father's cow pasture that already he seems a little less than rugged. MacDonald is now a gentleman in the special English sense, which entitles a peasant with political brains to hospitality in any great house.

Three pontiffs of the trade unions appeared, having arrived in the same taxi, — Clynes, the ex-minister who was once a mill hand; Thomas, the shrewd little working-class lawyer for the railwaymen; Henderson, chairman of the party, who looks like a Wesleyan preacher and once was. These men and their henchmen have built the economic machine which is the ribs and backbone of the party. They met the politicians who are mouthpieces for the masses they control as the heads of feudal clans once met.

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"There's our soviet," said my guide, pronouncing the Russian word as if it were already an English one.

II

Despite that verbal reminder of Russia, even remembering the bitter names the Labor Party has been called by millionaires, it was hard to associate these people with revolution. Watching them from a niche in the noblewoman's drawing room, it was very hard.

Is their platform revolutionary? I thought over what it is. One plank is at least unprecedented. They propose a tax on capital to pay for the war. That means the confiscation of men's savings by the state. And, when they can wreak the opportunity from their enemies, they will nationalize the coal mines. That means the communal ownership of the source of Britain's sea power.

What *is* a revolution?

One thought one knew in 1919. In that year I spent months in the icy chaos of Moscow with the embittered Russians at bay before a prosperous world, at bay and snarling like caged beasts while their blockaded cities sickened on decayed food. I remembered corpses in the Berlin streets earlier under the harsh cough of machine guns. There was revolution as it is described in books. There was drama, and the drama smote your heart. By a queer magic, the everyday world fell away and was replaced by another which, you presently realized, was merely chaos. Suddenly madness became evident in sober ordinary people, the madness in which the human spirit leaps into the dark to die, — and emerges further on still alive, reborn perhaps, like a miraculous figure in a myth.

Is a revolution a drama of this sort, always and necessarily?

I came to England. No sign of the creative ordeal here. Instead, there was . . . a discussion! In parliament a sole figure stood for danger, an emaciated Scot, the only Communist member. Usually he sat apart silently. One day, however, stung by a complacent Tory speech, he hurled an insult across the benches: bitter words irrelevant to the business of the day, but voicing the jobless and the underfed all the better for that. The House promptly expelled the Communist for his breach of manners. The next day he apologized and walked back to his seat.

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The skirmisher from Moscow had made a gesture before the high wall of British decorum; then considered and retreated.

That winter, too, the British Communists were denied admittance to the British Labor Party. The small revolutionary group had counselled no violence in its application for membership. Only the monotonous tragedy of the unemployed was stressed, yet the gloomy and smouldering advocates of the miserable were kept out. A majority speaker told why in a parable. "We are revolutionists," he said, "but not the sort who will burn down the house we live in." And on behalf of the British Labor Party as against the Communists, he recited Charles Lamb's fable of the foolish Chinamen who knew no way of roasting their pork except by setting fire to the house.

I caught echoes from the session as I talked to the Labor chiefs that summer day. Over and over again they insisted that the Russian way was not the only way of change. The workshop, of course, is the center of whatever revolution there may be in England. Plainly education is needed there now, not violence. Violence must be held in reserve like Jove's thunderbolt, forever ready to strike, rarely striking. Violence must be controlled by men who know *when*.

Certain steps must be taken in the present situation, to be sure, unless British greatness is to crumble. If England is to compete in the world's markets as England once competed, there must be a new relation between worker and employer. One knows that. Sabotage must end, conscious and unconscious sabotage. Obviously. Unwillingness to work on the part of the wage earner, — unwillingness to work until he has been pushed by hunger, and then indifferently, — has been chronic since the war. The remedy is largely psychological, like the cause. As for the employer, he must face a terrifying fact. He will never again be an employer in the old sense. His rôle has changed. He must accommodate himself.

In view of these rifts in the world as it is, the foundations of another industrial society are being laid. Oh, very cautiously! It takes a long time to dovetail granite into granite in the slow English way. But already the foundations show above the ground. Observe workers' control of factory operations. Follow the fast maturing Labor control of Parliament. Deeper traces lie in the

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schools, in the arts, in people's habits. Plans are drawn up of a social structure that will be different from the base.

Will there be a crash when the decaying central beams of the old edifice come down? Possibly. Some risks must be taken on a big job. *But there will be no chaos now.* Be very sure of that.

With the chiselled, stubborn looking faces of the emerging government before me, I remembered the plodding Saxon's rôle in British history. How often he has been conquered, how he has repeatedly absorbed his conquerors. Well, the Saxon domination remains, I thought. The type persists. The prevailing character is still unimpassioned, compromising, experimental — Saxon.

That wary old governing intelligence has instituted the long training of these new people in houses like Lady Warwick's. The training is in civility, without which civilization does not exist, — British civilization, at any rate. Against a steady civility violence spends itself, and changes. In this fashion eruptive energy is used. Indeed, violence is not only canalized; it passes through a chemical change. It becomes British.

I had been watching the thing go on all day in this mellow house filled with people of diverse origins and contrary emotions who had learned to talk to one another.

Unexpectedly, just then, a man arrived who is reputed to understand these processes better than the run of folks. It was H. G. Wells, immediately surrounded by hallooing friends.

"Here," said my friend as he moved toward him, "is the press agent of the future."

III

Mr. Wells seemed indisposed to talk of ideas. Strange for Wells, the generator of ideas. Instead of joining one group he drifted about all, waving to people across the room, blowing a kiss to a dashing portrait of Lady Mercy Greville, the hostess' daughter, and changing the direction of the kiss to the young woman herself as she appeared in the doorway.

"Wells is in fine form today, do you hear him brattling away?" said my guide. Soon the voluble little man caught sight of us and presently we were engaged for tea. "Come to my house, a mile off," he said. "Tennis will be administered before tea."

But tennis was forgotten when we found the place, a red brick

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Essex rectory warming in the sun. In sight of his flower beds, Wells fell into the racial habit of showing his gardens. We sat wilting in one of them, five guests and Mrs. Wells. Wells paced before us in the heat, suggesting games. His high squeaking voice was tireless; his eyes reflected the passage of ideas like quick changes in the weather.

We tried and abandoned a game that involved remembering dates in history. Too mental. A gardener came by with a lawn sprinkler.

"A hosing party!" cried the host. He turned to his wife. "How many bathing suits have we got?" Mrs. Wells counted on her fingers; there were not enough. Anyway, the women guests looked nervous. They glanced at his wife, who seemed serious. Nevertheless they declined to get wet, — all save one, a distinguished poet, who rose to the idea. She suggested that pyjamas would do instead of bathing suits. Wells disappeared and returned in a pongee sleeping suit covered with a mackintosh, a pile of clean nightwear on his arm. Then, his face puckering with delight, he set about the business of persuading the hangers-back, of assigning undressing quarters, of dragging hose to the lily pond.

The sprinkling party was riotous. Every woman but one had been recruited at length. The wives of parliamentarians and their consorts, Wells and the lady poet and I, strode toward one another battling through sheets of water. We forgot what dull habit it was that had tried to make us work our brains on that hot day. We forgot that we had ever worn clothes. We sat beside the pond lilies, soused and half bare, remembering that man descends from creatures of the wood and lake.

A gray-haired lady with fine contemplative eyes looked over the hedge, — Mrs. Sidney Webb, the sternest of the Labor Party hostesses. She and the young rampant Wells had once clashed on a matter of social discipline. Forthwith he had lampooned the Webb proprieties in a widely circulated novel and for a decade remained away from the Webb drawing room.

Times had changed; Mrs. Webb was his guest now. The boisterous generation was installed and Wells had been its prophet. Wells looked up, caught the lady's eye, and grinned. Her composed face did not change.

We heard the clatter of cups beyond the shrubbery. Presently,

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our skins tingling under our clothes from the scrape of rough towels, we met at the tea table. The party had grown. There was Sidney Webb beside his wife, — an owlish quizzical little elderly man, recounting the humors of the French libel law in a scholarly fashion. There was a Tory neighbor with a military look, paying a duty call with his timid wife. There was an inarticulate gentleman from Chicago, wandered into the Wells grounds by mistake and invited to tea.

"When are you standing for Parliament again?" someone asked Wells, who had been droll about his late defeat at the hands of the voters of London University.

"When the public wants ideas, which will be when they are considerably less hypnotized by facts. I'm entirely hopeful. The contemplation of facts without ideas is killing, you know. It will kill even the English. And in the end the English will refuse to die, as usual."

The Tory squire's wife asked anxiously: "Are you suggesting that a revolution would be the tonic we need? Surely you don't advise that, you who have been to Russia?"

Wells smiled. "Isn't the Labor Party a safety device against explosions?" he said. "Aren't we a machine to store ideas until we can use them, as a battery stores electricity? Everywhere the masses are gathering dangerous energy now. All over Europe there are explosions, and perhaps worse to come. But the British won't explode. We're in a ditch, to be sure. Our masses are as badly off as any proletariat anywhere, if you don't count the Germans. We're poorer than the Russians, for we haven't the overwhelming belief in the future that is in every Russian. Yet a new governing class, our first necessity, we are forming in the dark. The fact is we can endure the dark, and the others can't. In this twilight of religions we can endure without a religion. We can bear the humdrum fact, leading nowhere that is discernible.

"And our strength is just there. For we are afraid of new ideas, you know; these foreign philosophers who jeer at us are right. Did I seem impatient a moment ago when I complained of our fact-ridden voters? One shouldn't be. Thank God the British don't love ideas well enough to play with them. We don't inhale them to give us glory like the French, nor gulp them down like vodka like the Russians until we can't see the world as it is. Our

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philosophers don't build a logical structure of ideas like the Germans, and we don't drill a whole society after the same pattern until it becomes as efficient as a machine, and as inhuman; then curse God for a lunatic when the machine shows a strange vicious life of its own that destroys its maker, as it destroyed the junkers. Impious triflers with life, these people — dilettantes. So the British think in their hearts. We intend to go on living our corporate life in this perilous world. And we know how perilous it is, having been exposed to it for some time on an island surrounded by the sea and . . . and . . . foul weather. So we have learned to endure more than other people, more waste and ugliness and cruelty. More of the mere passage of time, — murderously fast in war, murderously slow during the reaction. Our nerves can stand it either way. Our tough nerves are the weapons we possess for survival."

"The survival of what? Of clods or gods? Certain races are shrivelled in the fire and come out, — er, reincarnated. But clods, — clods go on living as before. You know about both sorts, Wells. You have written about them."

"I mean the survival of mere life, a quality common to clods *and* gods. Never mind what I've written. I'm talking about the Briton as is. The British are realists, I tell you, in the business of living. We respect our souls as long as they stay in our miserable bodies. Souls without bodies we won't have at any price. The religion of shopkeepers, eh? Good enough. But shopkeepers with a certain immortal will to live, don't you think? At present there is nothing for us shopkeepers to do but to go on living, — those of us who are not among the unemployed, — and wait."

"Wait for what, Wells? Wait until we die? Wait for a life-worthy religion?"

"Wait until a new idea forms in chaos. An idea for which other men will die, perhaps. Fewer of us will die. As a race, we'll look on. That's the instinct of an unspent governing race. At the moment we are busy calculating how far Toryism will reach in Europe, and keeping an eye on our own Tories. Watching the Russians recover from their plunge, — *watching the Russians every minute, mind you.* Loosening the ties with our colonies until the strain between young and old is tolerable. Making way at home for seasoned plodding people like this working-class govern-

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ment. One knows how much deeper than its consciousness its merits lie. Meanwhile," — here Wells jingled the shillings in his pocket, with a sly, self-mocking look, — "meanwhile, merchants of ideas like Sidney Webb and me sit on the superstructure of society, our feet dry, our personal funds in our sound British banks, and make observations to the world at large — profitably. Eh, Webb?"

The author of *The Decay of Capitalist Civilization* nodded without hearing. Mrs. Webb, who had smiled once or twice at the perverse defense of British caution from this gadfly of the cautious, rose to go. The iron-visaged squire made his good-byes. The strawberries were eaten; the party broke up.

We strolled across the hayfields to Easton Lodge, Wells with us and talking a torrent.

IV

Busses loaded with picknickers were leaving through the park. On the tennis courts before the Lodge a gray-haired man was playing with young Wells, aged eighteen. The old man's muscles were as hard as the youngster's; he was slowly beating the boy. All over the landscape, that holiday morning, we had seen the old stoutly competing with the young at games. Lady Warwick walked past us from the last bus, tired. A member of the committee on food told us, waving her capable arms, how she had once organized a meal for a thousand people. An educated workman sat down, a pleasant grizzled man with a short black pipe.

"Pretty place," he said meditatively. "There've been no big places like this in the Midlands since my grandfather's day. My country is all grown over with chimneys. Beautiful to lounge in, these places. What'll we do with them all, I wonder, when we take them over?"

The "we" came out unconsciously. A Member of Parliament, sauntering by, noted the possessive pronoun. He was a Labor member, but of upper-class origin, judging from his accent. "And this is no idle theorist, but a big managing man in a pivotal union," he whispered to me, regarding the workman with satisfaction. Then he turned to the man with a grave air, as if the two were sitting on a revolutionary tribunal already, running things.

"There'll always be tennis, don't you think?"

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The workman looked at his own powerful legs. They were thick and short, muscled like a Titan's. Hardly the legs for games.

"I suppose so. But all that will be too late for me. My sons will learn how to play, but I won't. I never knew anybody who had time for tennis until I was grown up," he ruminated.

"On holidays, what did you do?"

"Studied. Met in people's houses to read. Books and arguments and political meetings, — that's what the early days of a trade unionist were filled with. The labor movement was the only university we had. And it was ideas we wanted, not games. We had enough physical exercise in getting our livings. There's more studying than tennis goes on in the north still."

"What do you do with your holidays now?"

"Work. Work in the union offices. Dicker with the companies about speeding the men up or slowing them down, figure what the union relief comes to for our men who are out of work, study the new moves the American unions are making. Sometimes I see no more of the sun than when I worked underground in the coal country. Why, it's harder working for the unions than it used to be serving the masters."

I thought of the long, rough road that lies from servanthood to mastership.

"But you've got more money now. Doesn't that make a difference?"

"Some of us are better off," he said. Then a shade of bitterness came into the man's look. "But England isn't," he said sharply. (Again the possessive note. The man spoke as if England's poverty were a personal grievance.)

He asked me how long I had been in England. All the winter and spring of 1923, I said.

"Have you seen much of the big towns?"

Glad of the chance, I told him what I had seen. He was the only workman with whom I had talked at Lady Warwick's party for the working class. He spoke of England's poverty as if he had participated in it. It seemed natural to say to this man that I had seen in London more misery, sodden and grotesque and accepted, than anywhere in Europe save in Germany.

All day outside my door, I said, Englishmen whose bodies had been mashed in the war begged pennies. The crowd gave scant

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room and less money to their appeals, chalked on the walk. On cold days the cripples froze. The uncrippled sang popular ditties in and out among the taxicabs, their faces painted like clowns. They were a fixed part of the London show; people regarded them like that, listlessly. About the coffee stalls late at night the unemployed drifted, — ferocious and sly, boozy-faced, living on scraps of food.

Tragedy prowled through the town, I said, just beyond the limits of the prosperous world.

In midwinter, some thousands of the unemployed marched on London from the factory towns, demanding jobs. Their answer was statistics. Government figures for the unemployed stood at more than a million. With probably a million more not on the lists.

The man looked ahead gravely, without speaking.

"What puzzles me," I added, "is how the social system stands the strain. Elsewhere it hasn't. Isn't it cracking and shifting, month by month, here? Isn't it all a little . . . rickety?"

At that his immobility vanished. Again an emotion showed through the set lines of his face. "Shifting — yes," he said. "Rickety — maybe. But it won't come down on our heads. We won't let it, the workers won't. *And we're going to have the say.*"

Someone called him from the conference room. Thoughtfully and without haste he walked back to the long session of the soviet.

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LABOR AND THE PRESS

NORMAN THOMAS

FOREIGN observers of our manners and institutions find it hard to understand the lack of an efficient daily labor press in the United States corresponding to the views and requirements of the workers, who maintain cohesion in other fields, such as their unions and banks. Here the leader of a recent ill-starred venture to establish a fair-minded labor daily in New York affords illuminating comment on the factors which contributed to the failure of that and similar attempts by Labor in this country.

THIS article arises from a conviction that the main hope of remedying in any substantial degree the unsatisfactory conditions which attend the business of supplying the American public with news lies in labor. What may give a paradoxical interest to this conviction is the fact that in nothing that organized labor has undertaken has it done less well than in journalism and that I myself have been an actor in its most recent and dramatic failure, — the suspension of "The New York Leader" of which short-lived venture I was editor.

My own boyhood was passed in Marion, Ohio, then a town of some ten thousand inhabitants. The "Star," built up by Mr. and Mrs. Warren G. Harding, was clearly our leading paper. We schoolboys thought that "to carry a 'Star' route" was a calling to be preferred in profit and honor to a similar service for the "Star's" less successful Democratic competitor. But that there should not have been two papers would have seemed to us and our elders a quite unthinkable departure from the fitness of things.

Shortly before his death, Mr. Harding sold the "Star" to a nonpartisan newspaper syndicate. Not long thereafter, the syndicate having also acquired the "Star's" Democratic rival, announced that it would publish only the "Star" as an independent paper, rather than a Republican organ, — and this in a city three times the size of the one which in my youth had supported two papers.

This story would not be worth telling were it not typical of the consolidation of newspapers all over the country. New papers that may be started are usually "feature" papers or the property of a successful syndicate looking for new fields to conquer. The day of the local *daily* paper, organ of a party, spokesman for a cause, or mouthpiece of an editor, is almost done. I hope that the

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day of the paper which expresses the personality of an individual or a group of coöperative individuals, colorful, vigorous, and definite, may come with new power. No labor press can wholly fill this place but it is a place in the monthly or weekly rather than the daily field.

For this newspaper situation there are many causes: lack of old time political interest, now that the differences between the two principal parties are so unreal; changes in the mechanical conditions attending newspaper production, all of which facilitate the standardizing and syndicating of features, special articles, "patent insides," and "boiler plate"; the demand of advertisers for bulk circulation, and the consequent growth of chain papers, of which the Hearst papers are the outstanding illustration.

New York has lost within the last few years the "Press," the morning "Sun," the "Globe," and the "Mail," — all at the hands of one millionaire collector of dailies, but the metropolis has gained the "Daily News." The phenomenal growth in circulation of that compact picture-paper with its deliberate contempt for any degree of intelligence or even curiosity about the truly important events of the day is a bitter pill for the optimistic believer in popular intelligence.

The situation of New York in this matter is not peculiar. Indeed, New York is rather better off than most other American cities, for it possesses in the "Times" and "World," two papers that, whatever their faults, do try to give the news with fulness, an approach to accuracy, and a slight regard for proportion.

It is not the least serious feature of the situation that to an increasing degree all this flood of ink is controlled directly through ownership, or indirectly through devices too numerous to mention, by a comparatively small handful of millionaire proprietors, men for the most part without social intelligence or high ideals. More pervasive still is the control of the entire press by the commercial point of view. It lives by advertising. Many papers have comparatively high standards of advertising; few of them are actually bought into silence or false speech by advertisers, but all of them find life or death in the skill with which they adapt themselves to the standards of an acquisitive society precisely at that point of competitive advertising where these standards are most blatant and most crass. A sure instinct for success makes

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papers, — even those which proclaim on all occasions their love of the pee-pul, — the devout evangelists of the God of things as they are.

In contemplation of this situation it is encouraging to remember that victories for progressive causes are sometimes won against a hostile press. I have not space to examine this situation, but it may be well to remember that the victories of progressives in Wisconsin and Minnesota were won by organizations resting upon the interest of definite groups of farmers and industrial workers. The hope of checking the power of the commercialized press lies in these organizations and in their ability to establish and support a press more responsive to their own needs and, most of all, to their need of truth.

To some extent they have done this through labor union organs, liberal farmers' papers, and political weeklies. Labor dailies can never take the place of such weeklies or render them unnecessary, but neither can the weeklies effectively carry on the fight against a commercialized press without allies in the newspaper field.

So far as the cities are concerned, it is yet to be proved that labor will support its own papers or that if it supports them they will be worth having. But no one who knows the labor situation can fail to realize how labor unions distrust the established press and how general is their feeling that, especially in time of strikes, they need their own daily papers. I speak from considerable personal experience and many contacts with varied types of unions in hazarding the guess that in few central labor councils would there be effective opposition to the opinion that newspapers are controlled by big business and cannot be relied on by organized labor which should, therefore, have its own press.

Indeed, if labor cannot or will not enter the newspaper field, it is hard to see what hope there is of deliverance from the chain dailies. Here and there the exceptional owner of a going concern may happily unite the desire to the ability to keep alive a paper with high standards of fairness, accuracy in news, and liberality in editorials. But such papers in America are few and far between. And the liberals who rejoice in them are quite without power to save them alive. Their life depends on the enlightened owner, and the enlightened owner either as an individual or as a species is

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not immortal. Let death, financial pressure, weariness of the present, or fearfulness of the future, come upon the exceptional owner so that his grip is relinquished, and overnight the history of the New York "Globe" may be repeated and another paper pass into the hands of the standardizers of sensations for the masses.

Multitudes of readers may gnash their teeth, but what can they do? They are not organized or trained for collective action. The thousands of readers who read the New York "Evening Post" under the Villard ownership could not save it from the various changes which finally brought it into the hands of the conservative Mr. Curtis. Nor could the more numerous readers of the "Globe" save it from Mr. Munsey.

So strongly intrenched are certain papers in certain cities that if by a miracle a new paper should be launched, its established rivals could crush it by their influence, direct and indirect, over the circulating and selling agencies and the advertisers. I have heard a veteran managing editor declare that for this reason no new morning paper could be established in Chicago without the tacit consent of the "Tribune."

Yet these handicaps upon the scattered mass of readers or potential readers of a paper of different — and higher — standards than prevail in the commercialized press would not exist or would be far less serious for labor organizations as sincere in their desire to support their own papers as to support their own banks. They have in many cities large financial resources, a mass of potential readers and experience in collective action. They could, if they would, counteract much hostile pressure upon news agencies and newsdealers and even upon advertisers by a little pressure of their own. What scattered liberals cannot do, labor can do if its existing desire for its own press can be made more intense and more intelligent.

It is precisely this hope, however, which seems to be denied by the history of labor dailies. We are concerned primarily with dailies, but parenthetically it may be remarked that heretofore there has not been much to boast about in labor weeklies and monthlies, though some of them have been reasonably effective as radical propaganda organs. The labor union organs too often are dry bulletins, monuments to dulness, closed to any discussion

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of trade union affairs save that which is pleasing to the officials. Fortunately this situation is being rapidly changed for the better.

As much cannot be said for the dailies. The fields are strewn with wrecks of labor's attempts in this direction. Today Chicago has the new and aggressive daily propaganda organ of the Workers' Party, and Milwaukee has Victor Berger's successful "Leader," Socialist in politics but in character a "regular newspaper" always friendly to labor. The Seattle "Union Record," owned by the unions, lives under difficulties. The Minnesota "Star" also lives but labors under financial difficulties and also, I am told, under some doubts as to the loyalty of its owners to the best interests of labor. In short, labor's indifference, lack of unity, and open factional fights, combined sometimes with poor journalism, have made the history of labor dailies a melancholy tale.

The most spectacular and perhaps most instructive failure in labor journalism is to be found in the history of the New York "Leader."

For fifteen years New York had in the "Call" a labor daily, Socialist in ownership and control. This paper reached its maximum circulation, — never fifty thousand, — during the Hillquit mayorality campaign in the early days of our participation in the Great War. The "Call's" influence then and for some years thereafter, far exceeded its circulation. Never attempting to compete with the other dailies in volume of news or variety of features, it won devoted and heroic support from the more radical workers, and considerable friendship from the more conservative. Nevertheless by the summer of 1923, the "Call" had fallen on evil days. Without an editor-in-chief, deeply in debt, with a circulation less than 10,000, it was a question whether it was not more of a liability than an asset to the labor movement.

To this sorry pass had the paper been reduced by the virulent factional quarrels which resulted in the split between Socialists and Communists and the complete alienation of many who had been socialistically inclined. It was recognized that if the paper was to be saved it must be acquired by the labor unions and run by them rather than by a particular party. After somewhat difficult negotiations, a group of unions, mostly of the needle trades but also including certain other local organizations, formed

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a corporation and took over the paper. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers were the chief subscribers to the stock of the new corporation. All *bona fide* unions were united to subscribe to the stock on the same terms as the original owners. The American Fund for Public Service gave generously to the enterprise but acquired no stock.

Evans Clark of the Labor Bureau, Inc. to whose efforts the formation of the new company was largely due, was made business manager. Heber Blankenhorn of the Bureau of Industrial Research, principal author of the famous steel report of the Inter-Church World Movement and an experienced newspaper man, was made managing editor, and I editor-in-chief. The majority of the directors represented the unions; a minority the old owners of the "Call" to whom a small percentage of the stock had been assigned as part of the purchase price.

To those who know the New York labor situation it will be obvious that a paper under such control appealing to a general labor constituency was bound to have its own difficulties, — difficulties caused by lack of agreement in political tactics and trade union policy. Yet these difficulties did not seem insurmountable. The union directors made plain their desire for a regular newspaper, thoroughly loyal to the labor movement as a whole. They agreed to support a positive editorial policy, generally Socialistic in character, controlled by no political party but directed toward the building up of an American Labor Party. News was to be fairly given, and letters to the editor were to furnish an open forum of labor opinion.

The paper under this management and with this program lasted three months, — only six weeks of which were under the new name, the "Leader," and with the new staff which had been assembled. At the end of that time the directors, finding that the kind of paper they wanted cost more than they felt the labor movement could or would afford, suspended publication. Some $80,000 had been spent on the operating deficit in those three months; the circulation was averaging nearer twenty thousand than thirty, and under such circumstances profitable advertising was not in sight.

What was the matter? Why was the circulation so low? Was

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there no hope of its increase and with it an increase in advertising revenue?

I should be the last to deny that there were errors in policy and inexpertness in financial management that entered into the story. I should, indeed, have quite specific recommendations to offer other unions that might repeat the experiment. But it is quite absurd to say that the 300,000 organized workers in the unions owning the "Leader," and the other hundreds of thousands in the New York territory, could not have saved the paper if they had been as anxious for the success of a labor daily as they seem to be for the success of labor banks.

As a matter of fact the paper itself was a creditable journal which won the liking of those rank-and-file workers who knew it. Its sport pages and crime news pained certain intellectuals of the labor movement. The editors did not think that they had solved the problem of proportion. But I took considerable pains to get the opinion of average workers and learned beyond a shadow of doubt that the American workman wants sports played up and is not averse to divorce court or murder news. He expects features.

Another thing I learned is that the worker's wife wants advertising, especially department store advertising in the paper that comes home at night. Now advertising is the rock which may wreck labor papers, at any rate labor papers which try to compete with the established dailies. There is always the possibility of an advertising boycott if the paper sticks to its principles. Nevertheless that danger can be exaggerated. Our experiment persuaded me that as things are now, enough advertising would be forthcoming to put a labor paper somewhere within the possibility of support if there were behind it a solid labor circulation of the sort advertisers have to reach. A great strike or a very tense political struggle might bring a labor paper squarely against the choice between its principles and advertising, but if and when the future brings that test, a well established labor paper could, I think, meet it and live.

In other words the "Leader's" experience showed that it was possible to assemble an able and interesting staff, to produce a paper with principles and yet in all probability get advertising. But it also showed that there was no spontaneous mass movement among the workers to support their own paper and that the

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union officials would not do the promotion work or finance the promotion work necessary to arouse the real but dormant interest. For a political or trade union organ men will often fight and sacrifice with the zeal of fanatics; for a labor paper with a fair news policy there is no such enthusiasm. From the beginning the Communists on the one hand and Mr. Gompers' American Federationist on the other denied the possibility of maintaining a paper not the docile organ of some hierarchy or other.

The situation was admittedly difficult. Yet two things are to be recorded: First, the paper was not attacked by the non-socialist unions, — on the contrary, it was gaining favor with them. The official Chronicle of the Central Trades and Labor Council, unsolicited, published in conspicuous position a commendation of the "Leader" shortly before its sudden death. Second, the labor union directors on our Board did not find their disagreements in certain matters of policy a hindrance to co-operation in the management of the paper, and they showed a rather fine disposition to give the editors a chance to carry out the program I have outlined without continual interference.

But the same spirit did not mark important groups which, as the event showed, had it in their power to defeat the paper. In the first place were certain Socialists, — probably a minority, — who could not be loyal to anything but a party organ. But the real trouble came with the lieutenants and sergeants of labor's army who were engaged in their own fights for power. The coming of Communism did not create factionalism in the Socialist Party, the labor movement in general, or the needle trades in particular. But it gave it an impetus and a rallying point. It also gave certain established leaders a welcome opportunity to dispose of all criticism and opposition under cover of defense against the "left-wing menace." In the course of the fight, many right-wing Socialist labor leaders were driven to a more tender and sensitive regard for their great anti-Communist ally, President Gompers, than his own old anti-Socialist cohorts had shown.

The fight itself was bad enough, but the way in which it was carried on was worse. The Communists on occasion have boasted of their contempt of "bourgeois morality," including "Quixotic standards" of fair play. Their far more numerous right-wing opponents took the anti-morality club and beat them over the

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head with it. The fight did not rage with equal intensity in all unions, and the official policy with regard to it was wiser in some unions than in others, but where the struggle was hottest, fair play was, to put it mildly, not much in evidence. "Fair, why should I be fair? This is a fight and if I can't smash them, they'll smash me," exclaimed one of the chiefs of these partisan leaders. Another, a man of great influence, was both skeptical of and irritated at a "Call code" I drew up for our staff when I took control. He thought I over-emphasized the "liberal" — not "labor" — notion of accuracy and fairness in the news columns.

The Yiddish press, — the powerful "Forward" and the struggling "Freiheit," — were thick-and-thin factional fighters. They had accustomed Jewish trade unionists to such combat. The "Leader" was emphatically not Communist, but it did not eat Communists or anybody else for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and it tried not to censor its news columns to fit its editorial opinions. Hence, consciously or unconsciously, the shock troops of the right and the left (who are, after all, a minority of the workers) united in suspicion of the "Leader" and a willingness to see it die. Thus would they be spared the necessity of painfully reading "their paper" line by line (as one man confessed he did) to see if anything was wrong.

This bitterness of factionalism was too weak to kill the "Leader" in open battle; it was strong enough to hold back that support in circulation, in finances, and in spirit, which might have made it live.

If I were to stop here the reader would be justified in saying that my argument was wholly pessimistic: there is little hope for better daily journalism, save in labor, and when labor undertakes journalism, it does rather worse than capitalist owners.

Such is not my final conclusion. The very absence of any labor paper in the most important industrial centers may stimulate a consciousness of need for it. The labor movement in its broadest sense, despite temporary set-backs, is bound to grow. It is even now becoming more class conscious and aware of its own need of helping itself, — witness labor education and labor banking. The day of successful labor journalism is bound to come.

Its coming may wait on greater economic and political unity in labor's ranks. It must await an abatement of factionalism or

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some growth in strength of one or both factions. The prospect of a factional press, as unconcerned for fair presentation of facts as too many factional leaders now are, is not pleasant; but at the worst, even such a press would promote a knowledge and discussion of facts now suppressed or ignored by the commercialized newspapers. Out of a conflict of different viewpoints may come something a little nearer truth than comes from the present one-sided control of the press.

But I hope for better things. I hope for a new growth in labor solidarity; above all, for a new birth of good faith in labor's ranks. Good faith even between opponents is as indispensable to the structure of society as mortar to a brick wall. Some appreciation of this fact must come to the workers as a simple matter of the preservation of their own highest interests.

It is this combination of fairness and accuracy in news dissemination with a militant championship of the cause of the workers against the wastes and injustices of our acquisitive society that should be the goal of the labor press.

Secondary, but important, will be the work of redeeming the press from its sensationalism. Certainly the labor press cannot sink to the level of the Hearst papers in these matters. With time and the effort of able writers it may provide humor and human interest on a high level.

But, save perhaps in times of tremendous social interest, the American worker, quite legitimately, will demand in his paper sports, comics, and features more or less of the sort he is accustomed to. He is a trade unionist who appreciates labor news from all over the world, but he is a human being who wants diversion and a little of that local gossip which from time immemorial has been a chief topic of common talk. Whatever levels a labor paper may rise to, in America, at least, it cannot successfully be established as a radical edition of the Manchester "Guardian" or the "Christian Science Monitor." It ought, however, to emulate these papers at their best in its desire to tell the story of the day's happenings in this great human drama, as clearly, as fairly, and as sympathetically as the cause of human progress demands.

If this ideal of the labor press can be kept alive and stated persuasively, it may by its compelling force create the instruments of its own fulfillment.

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MY LIFE IN ART

Part Four — Rossi and Salvini

Constantin Stanislavsky

IN this concluding paper the Chief Stage Director of the Moscow Art Theatre recalls the impression made upon his youthful mind by the art of two famous Italian tragedians whose performances in Shakespearian plays had an important effect upon his own histrionic development. Especially vivid is his picture of Salvini making up his soul, as well as his body, before assuming the rôle of Othello, in which he was unique. The article was translated from the Russian by Mr. J. J. Robbins.

IN 1880 the famous tragedian Ernesto Rossi visited Moscow and played throughout Lent in the Great Theatre with his bad little troupe. In those days performances in Russian were forbidden during Lent, but performances in foreign languages were allowed. I subscribed to all the performances chiefly because there was nowhere else to go. But apparently my educator, Fate, did not send me there in vain. Every actor who was a contemporary of Rossi's was in duty bound not only to see him, but to study him. He was astounding in his plasticity and rhythm, notwithstanding the fact that he was far from handsome. He was not an actor of elemental temperament, like Salvini or Mochalov. Craftmanship demands a talent of its own and often rises to genius; Rossi was that genius.

I saw him first in the rôle of King Lear. I confess that my first impression on his appearance was not favorable. He paid almost no attention to the picture he made in a banal operatic costume, a badly glued beard, and an uninteresting makeup. During the first act the spectator simply grew accustomed to a foreign actor playing a part in an incomprehensible language. But gradually, as the great master unrolled before us the plan of the rôle and drew its spiritual and physical contours, it broadened and deepened before our eyes. Imperceptibly, unfalteringly, step by step, Rossi led us up to the culminating point of the rôle, but there, instead of giving us the last elemental blow of a mighty temperament which creates a miracle in the hearts and souls of men, he would, as if he were being merciful to himself as an actor, pass into simple pathos or use a bit of "hokum," knowing that we should not notice it, and with a sure instinct let us finish our-

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selves what he began, and his impetus carried us to the heights without him.

In lyric passages, in love scenes, in poetic descriptions, Rossi was inimitable. He knew how to talk simply. This is very rare among actors. He had a fine voice, a wonderful ability to handle it, an unusually clear diction, a correctness of intonation, a plasticity that had reached such perfection that it became second nature with him. And his own nature lent itself to lyric emotions and experiences.

And all this despite the fact that his physical endowments were not of a high order. He was short, his moustaches were dyed, his hands were stumpy, his face wrinkled, but he had remarkable eyes, eyes that were a real mirror of the soul. And with these qualities, already an old man, Rossi interpreted Romeo. He could no longer play the part, but he drew its inner image to perfection. It was a courageous drawing, almost an impudent one. For instance, in the scene with the monk, Rossi rolled on the floor in despair, — an old man with a rotund abdomen! But it was not grotesque, for it was an expression of the inner image of the rôle, in keeping with the psychological thread.

Later on, Rossi came to see me play Othello. The famous actor sat through the performance from beginning to end, applauded as the ethics of our profession demanded, but did not come back stage. Instead he asked, as an older man of a younger, that I visit him. All of a tremble I went to the great actor, and found him an enchanting man, remarkably well bred, well read, and well educated. Of course, he had understood the point of our production, but he was not enthusiastic. He was against the colorful scenery for it took too much of the attention of the spectator away from the actors.

"All these playthings are necessary when there are no actors. A beautiful, wide costume may well cover a pitiful body within which there does not beat the heart of an artist. It is necessary for those without talent, but you do not need it," Rossi sweetened the bitter pill. "Iago is not an actor of your theatre," he continued. "Desdemona *e bella*, but it is too early to judge her, for she has evidently just begun her career on the boards. There remains you."

The great actor fell into a brown study.

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"God gave you everything for the stage, for Othello, for the whole repertoire of Shakespeare. (My heart leaped up at his words.) The matter is in your hands. All you need is art. It will come, of course . . . " Having spoken the real truth he began to embroider it with compliments.

"But where and how and from whom am I to learn that art?" I questioned.

"M-ma! . . . If there is no great master near you whom you can trust, I can recommend only one teacher," answered the great artist.

"Who is he?" I demanded.

"Yourself," he ended with the gesture he had made familiar in the rôle of Kean.

I was confused by the fact that in spite of all the cues I had given him he had said nothing to me about my interpretation of the part. But later, when I began to judge myself with less prejudice, I understood that Rossi could not have said anything else. Not only he, but I myself did not understand my interpretation of the rôle. It was merely a matter of getting through the performance without breaking down, of squeezing tragedy out of myself, of not being bad. A singer who is yelling at the top of his voice cannot produce delicate nuances; he is like a painter who smears a fence all one color. He is far removed from the artist who can without apparent effort convey to a crowd his interpretation of a rôle created by himself. It is not enough to be talented; one must with infinite patience learn how to direct the talents. It was this that Rossi had meant, and it was all he could have said.

Tommaso Salvini

I first saw Tommaso Salvini in the Imperial Great Theatre in *Othello*. Due to my absence of mind or to the insufficient attention I paid to the visit of the great genius, I was attracted more at the beginning of the performance by the actor who played Iago and thought him to be Salvini. "Yes, he has a good voice," I told myself. "He has a good figure, the general Italian manner of play and declamation, but I see nothing extraordinary. The man who is playing Othello is no worse. He also has fine material in him, a wonderful voice, diction, manners, height."

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I treated coldly the ecstasy of the cognoscenti who were ready to faint at the first sentence uttered by Salvini. The great actor did not aim to attract all the attention of the audience to himself at the outset. If he had wanted to do so, he could have done it with one moment of genial silence, as he did in the Senate scene immediately after. The beginning of this scene revealed nothing new, except that I was able to examine the figure, costume, and makeup of Salvini. I cannot say that they were in any way remarkable. I did not like his costume, and I don't think he had made up at all; perhaps it was unnecessary to darken his skin. There were his large, pointed moustaches; his wig that looked too much like a wig; his figure, too large, too heavy, almost fat; great eastern daggers that dangled at his waist and made him look stouter than he was, especially when he donned a Moorish cloak and hood. All this was scarcely typical of the soldier Othello.

But . . .

Salvini approached the platform of the Doges, reflected a little while, and before we knew it, took the entire audience into his hands. It was as though he had simply stretched out his hand without looking into the public, grasped us all, and held us in his palm as though we were ants or flies. He closed his fist, and we were in his power, and we shall remain in it all our lives.

How am I to convey the strength of the impression Salvini made? He was like a sculptor, and his creations were like heroic statues. One part of his Othello he moulded in the monologue before the Senate. In other scenes and acts he moulded the other features. Put together they constituted a deathless monument of human passion. Othello was composed of infinite trust, hurt love, noble horror and wrath, and inhuman revenge. The most diffuse and elusive emotions were moulded into the bronze.

Having opened for a moment the gates of paradise in his monologue before the Senate, having showed for the duration of one second at his meeting with Desdemona what trustfulness and boyish love were possible for the courageous soldier who was no longer young, Salvini closed for a time the sublime gates of his art, closed them intentionally. He had made sure of our trust in him at one stroke, and like trained dogs that sit on their hind legs and watch the eyes of their trainer, we fell hungrily on those

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places and words of the rôle which Salvini compelled us to notice and remember.

But at one moment he cracked his whip, that our attention might not weaken. That was in the scene on Cyprus where he made short work of Cassio and Montano. He glared at them so terribly with his tremendous eyes, lifting his scimitar, flashing it in the air, and lowering it with such oriental ease and swiftness, that we understood at once how dangerous it was to trifle with him.

The ladder down which Othello descended in the sight of the spectators from the heights of bliss to the depths of destructive passion, Salvini indicated with such merciless logic and such irresistible persuasiveness that the spectator saw in detail every curve of the suffering soul of Othello and sympathized with him from the depths of the heart. In the end Othello seemed to enter as though burning lava had been poured into his heart. He grasped at anything and everything that might assuage his pain; he wept like a child on saying farewell to his army, to his battle steed, to his former life; he tried to express in words the burning pain of his spirit, which we, his audience had lived through with him. But nothing helped him. He sought respite for his pain in revenge, and threw himself in fury on the only living thing in his presence. He was upon Iago in one leap, pressing him to the ground, then leaped up, lifting his foot above Iago's head to crush it like a snake's, — and he remained in that pose, became confused, turned away, and without looking at Iago offered him a hand, lifted him, and fell himself on a couch, crying. At that moment the likeness of Salvini's Othello to a tiger was most evident. I saw now that even before, in the embraces of Desdemona and in the subtle feline manners of the speech before the Senate I had sensed in him the presence of a beast of prey. The oath of revenge was turned to a ceremony of knighthood in Salvini's Othello; one thought of him as a crusader vowing to save the world from the abuse of man's sanctity. In this scene Salvini was monumental.

I shall never be able to describe how Salvini stole toward the sleeping Desdemona in the last act, how he feared the folds of his own cloak, which dragged behind him, how he stood admiring the sleeping woman, dreading to approach his prey. There were

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moments when the whole theatre rose like one man in the strain of attention. When Salvini crushed the throat of his beloved, when he threw himself at Iago and killed him with one sweep of his scimitar, I felt again the Bengal tiger in the man's suddenness, agility, energy. But when Othello learned of his fateful mistake, he suddenly became a lost boy who saw death for the first time. And after his speech before his suicide, there spoke and acted in him a soldier who had learned to face death all his life, unafraid of it in the last moment of his life.

How simple, clear, beautiful, and tremendous was everything that Salvini did! But why was it that when I saw Salvini I remembered Rossi and the great Russian actors I had seen? Why did I feel that all of them had something in common, something that I seemed to know very well, something I met only in actors of supreme talent? I tired myself with thinking, but I could not find the answer. . . .

Salvini took his art with phenomenal seriousness. On the day of a performance he was excited from early morning, ate very little, and after dinner retired into solitude. The performance would begin at eight o'clock, but Salvini was in the theatre three hours before the curtain was to rise. He went to his dressing room, removed his overcoat and began to wander about the stage. If anyone approached him he would talk a little, then leave his companion, sink into thought, stand in silence, and then lock himself in his dressing room. After a while he would issue forth in a dressing gown and after wandering about the stage and trying his voice on some phrase, or rehearsing a series of gestures, he would again retire to his dressing room, and proceed to make up. Having changed himself not only physically, but mentally, he would walk out on the stage again, his footstep lighter and younger than before. The stagehands were beginning to set up the scenery. Salvini tried to talk to them. Who knows, perhaps Salvini imagined then that he was among his soldiers who were putting up barricades and fortifications against an enemy. His strong figure, his military pose, his eyes, attentively fixed on some far-off object, seemed to add truth to this supposition. Again Salvini would retire into his dressing room and come out in a wig and the under robe of Othello, then with a girdle and scimitar, then with a turban on his head, and at last in the full costume of

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Othello. And with each of his entrances it seemed that Salvini not only made up his face and dressed his body, but also prepared his soul in a like manner, gradually establishing a perfect balance of character. He crept into the skin and body of Othello with the aid of some important preparatory toilet of his own artistic soul and body.

Such preparatory work before every performance was necessary even after he had played the part of Othello many hundreds of times, after he had spent ten years in the preparation of that part alone. It was no exaggeration for him to confess in his reminiscences that it was only after the hundredth or two-hundredth performance that he understood what Othello was and how to play the part well.

Thinking of this genius I cannot help but draw a comparison with some of our home-grown stars and tragedians. They consider it beneath them to appear in the theatre on time. If they are stars the rest can wait for them; their glory consists in making the performance late. At five minutes to eight the home-grown star deigns to appear in the theatre. The rest cross themselves. They are glad,— the performance will take place after all. One, two, three, and the star is costumed, made up, and the sword of Hamlet is at his belt. HE knows his business. And everybody around him is in ecstasies. "This is a real artist! Look at him! He came last, but he is the first on the stage! Young actors, — here is an example to follow!"

But has anyone ever said to the home-grown star: "You managed to dress and make up in five minutes. Let us grant that that is marvellous. But did you manage to cleanse, dress, and make up your soul, — and if not, then why did you come to the theatre, and why do you play Hamlet? Is it not merely in order to display your graceful legs? Do you think we don't understand that there is no man in the world who can pass in five minutes from the sphere of restaurants and vulgar anecdotes into the empire of the super-conscious? This requires a gradual, logical approach. You can't rise from the cellar to the sixth floor in one step."

"Well, and what about Kean?" our home-grown star will answer. "Remember, he also arrives at the last moment, when all are waiting in excitement for his appearance."

"That is the theatrical Kean. How much evil he has caused by

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his example! And was Kean really as he is drawn in the melodrama? If he was, then I don't doubt that he is nervous and shouts before the performance because he has had no time to prepare, because he is angry at himself for his own drunkenness on the day of the performance. Creative nature has its laws, which are the same for Kean and Salvini. Then believe in the example of the living Salvini and not of the dead Kean taken from the pages of a mediocre melodrama."

But no, the home-grown star will always copy Kean and not Salvini. He will always come to the theatre five minutes before the performance is due to begin, and not three hours before, as Salvini did? Why?

In order to prepare something in your soul for three hours it is necessary to have that something, and the home-grown star has nothing but his talents. He comes to the theatre with a costume in his suitcase, but without any spiritual baggage whatsoever. What can he do in his dressing room from five to eight? Smoke? Tell stories? That is done much better in the restaurants. . . .

Salvini always hit the bullseye with his comments. For instance, he played *King Lear* in the provinces with a well known actress. She possessed everything the stage required, — ability, figure, a beautiful face, a good voice, gestures, experience. But she did not possess something much more important than all that.

"How do you like her?" Salvini was asked.

"M-ma! . . . She lacks poetry," answered Salvini.

At another time during the rehearsal of the last act of *Othello* the rôle of Lodovico, who appears after the death of Desdemona, was in the hands of a provincial raisonneur, who read it apathetically in a thick, churchy bass. Salvini lost his patience and whispered to the stage director: "Tell him his cousin is dead!"

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THE NEW DESPOTISM

A. Washington Pezet

FORMERLY nations found it necessary to depose a sovereign king for his inadequacy to guide the destinies of his subjects. Now we are questioning the ability of his successor, "the sovereign people," to take care of themselves. With the rapid advance of science, civilization has become an intricate and unwieldy machine that only experts and specialists can control. Are we going to let it run away with us and wreck us? This is the first of a series of three papers on the reconstruction of politics.

MOST thoughtful men are agreed that something is radically wrong with our civilization. Only twenty-odd years ago most of us viewed the future with fatuous confidence. Science was remaking the world. Today we look about us and see a civilization shaken to its foundations. The concert of Europe is a weird cacophony of hate and vengeance. In Western Europe, Britain is dangerously impoverished and faced with a desperate unemployment situation. Italy and Spain are snatched from anarchy only by the strong arms of dictators. Neutrals, like Holland, muddle along doing less than one-fifth of their pre-war business. France, feeling herself abandoned by her friends and obsessed with terror, walks on with the relentless detachment of a somnambulist, bearing the fate of Europe, helpless, in her arms as she treads her way toward a precipice. From the Rhine to the Pacific there is chaos, with here and there a meagre oasis of relative law and order. Central Europe is a land of starvation and misery. The Balkans, with their parochial nationalism and intolerable feuds, have expanded northward, eastward, and westward to include portions of Europe that formerly were highly civilized. The Near East is in a ferment; China is in the midst of an endless revolution; India and the Philippines are smouldering; and Japan is but slowly recovering from an unparallelled disaster. In Australia and the Americas are felt the violent repercussions of all this turmoil.

Nor are we, in the United States, lacking in ills of our own. Our churches are rent with schism and strife. A fanatical intolerance is the order of the day. Disrespect for law is a commonplace. Crime has reached the proportions of a social revolt. The mere business of living has become more intricate, more arduous, and more precarious than it was two decades ago. Even

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the standard activities of material civilization have obviously deteriorated.

We open our newspaper and find therein an astounding record of crimes, of tyrannies, of organized imbecilities, of wars and the threat of wars, of wrangles and recriminations, — personal, national, and racial, — a record of twenty-four hours of chaos. We are coming to regard calmly a list of happenings any item of which would have set us in a frenzy twenty years ago.

As to the cause of all the misery and incertitude of our age there is as yet no unanimity of opinion. Most people regard this deplorable state of things as an inevitable aftermath of the Great War, and they are apt to fall into the easy error of regarding that conflict as the primal cause of all our troubles. But that is rather putting the cart before the horse. In the strict use of the word the War caused very few things; it was itself a symptom of the insidious infirmity that afflicts our civilization. It merely enhanced and aggravated a condition that already existed. To the thoughtful it dramatized and brought out into the realm of observable phenomena much that was present before, festering unseen beneath the surface of things.

To understand the true cause of the *débâcle* of civilization we must first form a rational estimate of its true nature.

Civilization is the outward and visible manifestation of the mind and spirit of Man. It is the material embodiment of his intelligence and will. It is the sum of all the tools he has made and all the things he has wrought with them, of all the dreams he has recounted, set down, and realized in whole or in part. It is the progressive adaptation of the environment to his needs resulting from his ceaseless war against Nature. But from the beginning to the present this war against Nature, this progressive dreaming, making, and adapting, has been the pursuit not of Man but of an amazingly limited number of men. To these conspicuously superior few we owe our civilization. Unfortunately the progress of civilization has been so rapid that it has produced a wholly artificial environment to which Man, the animal, has never fully adapted himself. Furthermore, civilization has produced such interferences with Nature and the natural working of natural laws as virtually to dislocate those processes whereby Nature preserves the best of the race. The result is that civilization is a

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systematic killing of the geese that lay its golden eggs, for it uses up and fails to replace the intelligence which alone can produce and sustain it.

These generalizations are as true of all past civilizations as of our own, and it is to this primal cause (the killing of the geese that lay the golden eggs) that we may safely ascribe the fall of all past civilizations, whatever the superficial and apparent cause of their fall may have been.

It may be argued, however, that our civilization has not yet fallen, that in some respects it seems still to be progressing. In some respects it is, and therein lies the clue to the true nature of our present difficulties. For our civilization, more than any that has preceded it, is an unbalanced civilization. In certain directions our advance has been astounding; in other directions we have made only picayune gains. A vast disharmony results.

Certain aspects of our civilization are a direct inheritance from the various classical civilizations that were fused by the Roman Republic and then diffused throughout Western Europe by the conquests of the Caesars; other aspects are the results of our contacts with Oriental civilizations; still other aspects are almost wholly new. The new in our civilization we owe to modern science, which may be defined briefly as an organized quest for truth by experimental and analytical methods. All those things which markedly differentiate our civilization from past ones are due to science and its manifold applications. And a close analysis of our civilization will clearly reveal that its failures and evils arise out of our lack of adaptation and adjustment to the new environment science has created, out of the disharmony that has resulted because science has been applied to some things but not to others.

It is true that in some respects civilization is still advancing at an unprecedented rate. Each day records a new invention or discovery which will in some way, either great or small, further transform our environment and create new problems of adjustment. The things that have been touched with the magic wand of science are alive and moving forward at an ever accelerating speed; those that have not are stagnant. Industry, agriculture, surgery, navigation, transportation, communication, — these things and many others have advanced more in the past century

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than in the preceding six thousand years. But politics, laws, morals, customs, and religion have remained comparatively stagnant. Throughout the entire period of modern history our material advance has been incomparably greater than our spiritual advance. And so our civilization stretches out like an ever lengthening rubber band, one end free and advancing, the other rooted in primitive emotion, in superstition, precedent, and reaction.

How soon will the rubber reach the end of its elasticity? How soon will our civilization snap and break? For sooner or later it must break unless we can find some way to free the fastened end.

I believe, and I am confident that most thoughtful men will agree with me, that science is the agency through which we may free our civilization from the morass of illusions and prejudices that are slowly but surely encompassing its destruction.

By science I mean, of course, not so much the limited body of knowledge, the little store of fact, that has been wrested from the Infinite by the researches of scientists, as the spirit of science, — that spirit of impartial observation, diligent research, unprejudiced deduction, tolerant and unselfish co-operation, which on the whole has characterized those men of highest intelligence who have consecrated themselves to the quest for truth. Such men are not afraid of ungarnished facts, and in their search for truth they set no theory, hypothesis, or opinion, however attractive and desirable, above the truth. Rather, they use such theories, hypotheses, and opinions as mere tools in their quest for truth. They are future-minded men, men who labor not for a vanishing present but for an infinite tomorrow.

Unfortunately such future-minded men do not occupy a position of sufficiently great importance in the organization of present-day society. Though they are the creators of civilization, it is not controlled by them but by the present-minded delegates of present-minded groups.

Government is the agency through which civilization is controlled, and government is in the hands, not of scientists but of politicians. Of all the sorts of men constituting contemporary society none is more hopelessly present-minded, more hopelessly unscientific than the professional politician. He cannot see or imagine anything more remotely placed in time than the next

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election; his vision, therefore, is restricted to a maximum range of four years, and to an average range of only two years; often his horizon is no more remote than the middle of next week.

Few people nowadays realize that politics is the science of government. To most of us the word "politics" has acquired an altogether different significance. When we say that they are "playing politics" in a club, church, or office, we mean that some man or faction is intriguing against some other man or faction, and that a petty partisan motive is being placed above the true interests of the organization. When a man says, "I'm not good at politics," he is saying euphemistically that he is not good at intrigues, evasions, ambiguities, and deceits.

Most people labor under the delusion that our advance in politics has been as real as our advance in other fields of activity. They look back pityingly to an age when government was no more than a single man or small group of men exercising arbitrary will, and point with pride and satisfaction to the enormous progress we have made by attaining true democracy.

What such persons see is a mirage. Our democracy is a delusion. Though for a while we made real political progress, in the past hundred years we have steadily lost ground previously gained. What we have today are the old shibboleths, the old delusions, differently expressed. The divine right of the king has become the divine right of the people. The sovereign, all-powerful king has become the sovereign, all-powerful people. The old saying that the king can do no wrong has been re-stated in slightly different terms; now it is the people who can do no wrong. Today we are earnestly assured that the opinions of a majority, no matter how irrationally arrived at, must of necessity be just and wise; that if only enough people believe a thing to be true it must be true. It is quixotically assumed that human nature in masses is something altogether different from human nature in those individual human units which make up human masses; that whereas an individual king may be selfish, stupid, and ignorant, a mass of selfish, stupid, and ignorant individuals will by some miracle be converted into an unselfish, intelligent, and well-informed public opinion.

It is all myth-making and delusion! There is no "The People." It is an invention of the politicians and of the new demagogues

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who speak through their newspapers. There is but a mass of people, — that is, a mass of utterly present-minded and inevitably selfish individuals. What moves them "is not thought but emotion. And what sets emotion going is self-interest." Today, as of yore, this mass is governed by the courtiers and sycophants who hem about the majesty of the sovereign, whether we call him king or people.

A new despot has appeared among us. He is hydra-headed; he wears a thousand crowns and wields a thousand sceptres. Though he is known by a thousand different names, the politician always addresses him reverently as "The People." He is the organized militant minority, — for as the mass of men is incapable of political action as a mass, men group themselves in accordance with their dominant self-interest into organized minorities. Thus the mystic "The People" dissolves into a congeries of intolerant, self-seeking, present-minded, organized militant minorities, each one sacrificing the state and the individual citizen to its own peculiar and special interests, and using the courtier-politician for its indecent traffic.

To remedy this evil state of things further extensions of democracy are suggested, and in some cases adopted. Obsessed with the notion that there is or ever can be a real "The People" our reformers advocate the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall, — instruments whose purpose is "to make the people as sovereign in fact as they are in theory."

There is about such political thinking and acting an unreality, an evasion of plain demonstrable truths so stupendous as to amount to a vast collective insanity. In politics we tolerate conditions and suggest remedies that anyone would be considered a madman for tolerating or advocating in any other field of human activity. Yet politics is the science of government; it is the instrumentality through which we control and direct civilization, through which we control our destiny and the destiny of posterity.

Let us ask ourselves if it would be sane for prospective travelers bound for Chicago, for instance, to gather in the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York, hold a meeting, select candidates from among themselves, and by ballot elect the engineer, conductor, firemen, brakemen, and porters of the Broadway Limited; and

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then to embark upon their journey with such amateurs in charge of their lives and destinies? Having done this much, and the train being under way, would it be sane of the passengers to form into groups, each with a distinct opinion as to how the train should be run, and throughout the journey to ply the engineer with instructions, to send "lobbyists" to the cab to argue with him, to harass and threaten him for his failure to run the train to their liking? And such methods failing, would it be sane to demand the right to recall him and the other train officials en route? Would it be sane of the passengers to insist that all decisions dealing with the train's operation should be initiated by them? Would it be sane to demand that every little matter dealing with the train's operation should be submitted to a referendum of the passengers?

The analogy seems grotesque only because we have not yet freed our political thinking from preconceived ideas. If we could once view politics realistically we should see that our present political practice is no less grotesque than the behavior of these hypothetical travelers. It is even more grossly irrational. The operation of the machine of civilization has become a job far more intricately technical than the operation of any mere train; it calls for a higher degree of intelligence and for far more specialized knowledge. And it cannot be maintained that there is an important difference due to the motion of the train through space, for civilization is not motionless; it is advancing in time, and today we know that time, being the fourth dimension, such movement is as real as the movement that seems to us to occur solely in space. Unlike the train, civilization not only moves forward with prodigious rapidity but grows as it moves, changing its form and adding complexities to its structure new in the experience of its operators.

The operators are the politicians who govern us. We who live are the passengers. We reach our station when we die, but the train of civilization does not stop for us; it drops us off like mail bags and goes on with unslackened pace. Other passengers, those yet unborn, await its coming in the stations of the future. If we wreck it before it gets to them they will be deprived of their chance to travel upon it. And is it not our supreme duty to preserve it for their use?

Today we find ourselves in a condition analogous to that in

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which the passengers upon my hypothetical Broadway Limited would find themselves if they were not only constantly wrangling among themselves and with their incompetent train officials, but also at each station letting off an increasing number of the most intelligent and taking on an increasing number of those of mediocre and inferior intelligence. Who doubts that such a train in time would be wrecked? Who doubts that unless we mend our ways our civilization will be wrecked?

We are at a crisis in civilization far greater than any that has ever occurred. It is no exaggeration to say that our present form of government, which makes articulate and gives deciding influence to the most present-minded elements in the community, which sacrifices the inalienable rights of posterity, — hence of Mankind, — to the passing whims of ephemeral groups of the living, is hastening the collapse of civilization.

In the past, when monarchical despotism reached the state of mind of not caring what came after it, of deliberately living solely for the present, civilization found it necessary to eliminate the influence of monarchs. We are confronted with a similar but more complex task. We must find some way in which to destroy the preponderant influence of the present-minded despot of today. But we cannot lop off his head. Being hydra-headed he will grow a dozen new ones while we pause for breath. We must find some other way to overthrow this despot, who is ourselves and yet not ourselves.

If we would give the future-minded a chance to control and direct human destiny we must create a standard to which they will repair. To change the personnel of government we must change its principles. To attract the highest type of future-minded, creative thinker into the public service we must create the art of statesmanship and the science of government. And to do these things we must completely reconstruct our politics both in theory and in practice.

Both of these are practical matters of immediate concern to us. For if we are to save civilization, the first steps must be taken by the present generation.

The second paper on "The Reconstruction of Politics" will point out how our Constitution fails to secure to us the rights insisted upon in the Declaration of Independence.

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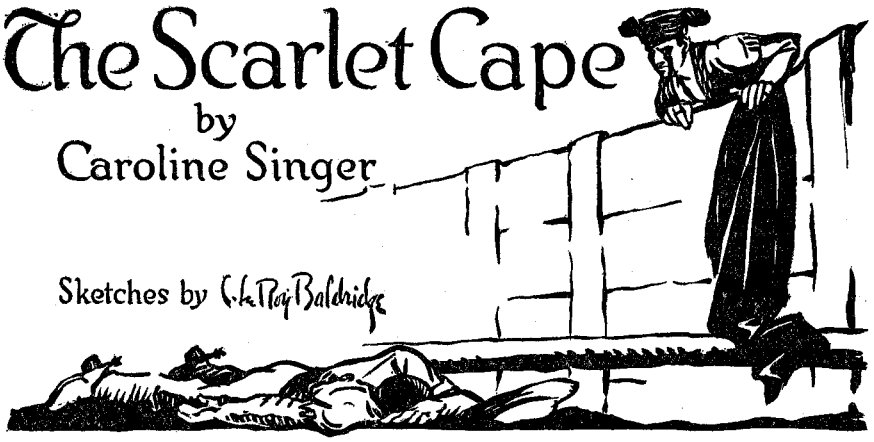
The Scarlet Cape

by

Caroline Singer

Sketches by C. La Roy Baldridge



THE tobacco woman, her plump hands fluttering like angry birds, her voice high-drawn like a fiddle note, was the first to say it. Her chiding followed after *Monsieur 'dame* into the sun-baked noon of the *Rue de la République.*

It had all come about because *Monsieur 'dame*, the two Americans, had risen early and walked beyond the ramparts of Avignon to gaze at St. Benézet's bridge, that fragment which by its romantic air tempts a half-dozen etchers each season far beyond the limits of veracity. Beneath the four decaying spans the Rhone marched ponderously, putting aside all frolicking for the sober business of building the delta which is the Camargue country. Slowly as they gazed, the cloud of green lying along the opposite shore sprang into golden blossom and beneath the trees there began a human commotion which in spite of the distance was both irresistible and gay.

Yellow rosettes and festoons of holiday bunting swaying from branch to branch of the trees, — these were the blossoms. And everywhere waiters with a busy, early-morning look rolled tables and dragged chairs into places, flickering off the dust with apron corners. In the evening there would be music, and from the café deep-set in the garden wine and food would be brought for the diners after the bull-fight.

A bull-fight!

Monsieur 'dame at home in America were kind to animals. They were sentimental over stray cats. They had taken in lost dogs and made street scenes when drivers were ugly to horses.

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But now something within them, something which had slept for a life-time leapt eagerly to life. It was as if the scarlet cape of a matador had been whipped into a quivering half-circle. The shock of the emotion dazzled their eyes and rippled exultantly along their nerves.

Behind phrases about the pageantry of such an affair they hid this common experience, this secret exultation, from each other for the moment. They agreed that they must see the Arlesian peasants who would come, the little soldiers, the matadors and picadors, but not one word passed about the sport itself. With a common impulse they pushed forward through the gates in the ancient mud-colored wall. Before them lay the arena encircled by tiers of crude benches, scarcely larger than a good-sized corral used for branding calves on a western cattle ranch. Here was no space for a pageant of the people. Here was a place only large enough for the easy trapping and torturing of a bull by men.

"It is perhaps small," ventured a sweeper, leaning upon his broom. "However, on the last occasion it was a great spectacle, the killing of two horses ——"

Out of the dust of the ring, the sun flayed old odors of animal sweat and animal terror, and the unbidden, nameless exultation which had quivered like a scarlet cape fell limp and silent.

"*Monsieur 'dame* will return this afternoon?" insinuated the workman graciously. It was an invitation.

They would not. They left him gaping with incredulity.

"You perhaps have pictures of bull-fights?" they asked at the to-

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bacco shop, for their curiosity was not altogether gone with the emotion which had died.

"Indeed yes, for those who like bull-fights I have the pictures," answered the tobacco woman with an emphasis which drew her husband from the cavernous darkness of a back room into pale-faced visibility in the shadowy doorway.

"You are fond of the bull-fights?" and before *Monsieur 'dame* could answer they were plunged into the domestic affairs of the shop. "And my husband also." Like a storm her hands broke over the colored postals and threw them upon the counter. "As for myself, I saw one when I was a girl. It was terrible!"

Monsieur 'dame hastened to say that they would not cross the river to the arena again that day. Like the sweeper she was incredulous.

"The arena of Avignon is perhaps too small, too humble. Then on the following week you may go to Arles, a little distance, and see the grand spectacle. On the last occasion twenty-two horses were slain. My husband saw it with his own eyes."

Twenty-two horses, — it was as if Zuloaga's *Victime de la Fête* with blood-blotched flanks shambled through the shop.

There was a faint tumult in the street. Once more the shadowy doorway in the rear was empty. Somewhere in the back room there was the sound of retreating feet.

"He is gone!" exclaimed the tobacco woman.

Four young bulls huddling this way and that in fear zigzagged past the door, herded by a nonchalant lad on horseback. These cowering beasts were the wild, wild bulls of the Camargue! The tumult expanded to cheering, and Carita, Spanish matador worshipped from Carcassonne to Arles, drove by with three others in an old barouche. Four young men in tight black and gold lace, four young men with such lipless mouths that they had not

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between them a smile. Alongside ran the dusty blue conscripts from the barracks, boys who had not yet had their taste of blood.

The tobacco woman shoved forward a tray of colored eye-glasses. "For the sun this afternoon."

Once more she was told that *Monsieur 'dame* would not return to the arena.

"Ah," cried the tobacco woman, "you will go. Those Americans are all one like another. They do not approve, but always they go."

Her insistence was forgotten until three months later in Paris at an evening party. It was an American party in the apartment of two young Americans who were living on the Left Bank where they might get the full flavor of the city. Only one French gentleman was present and he had been for years at a stretch in the United States.

The voice of a young man swept upward in a crescendo, and filled the lull between charades.

"It was hideous! Awful! Every time I close my eyes the whole thing is there." He laid his finger-tips across his closed lids. The room took a deep breath and leaned closer.

"The minute Rita and I got to Paris we heard that there was going to be a bull-fight in Carcassonne. I don't know what there was about it, but we felt that we had to go. We took the next train down. There were plenty of Americans on board for the same reason. It cost us a pretty penny, twenty dollars a day for two.

"The fight was for the benefit of the Spanish Red Cross, fancy that! For the Red Cross." The room laughed with him.

"Somewhere I'd got the notion that bulls charged into the arena looking for somebody to kill. They don't always. Often they falter as if they were blind. You can't help feeling a little sorry for the brutes sometimes. There was one old fellow who kept finding his way back to the place through which he came. It was some instinct, for all the gates were precisely alike. They'd have to worry him away from the wall each time. Men on horseback do that.

"And horses, — I never knew why they had horses. They are the worst-looking skates, old things about to die." The *Victime de la Fête* dragged his hoofs unheard across the polished floor of

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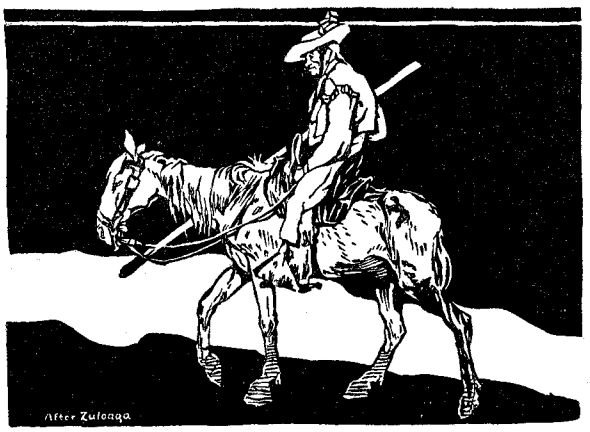
the Paris drawing-room. "They are used to tire out the bull. When he tosses them it wears out his strength. Then the matador steps up and neatly stabs him between the shoulder blades."

"The scarlet cape," breathed Madame in the corner of the room as she saw the patches of red in the young man's cheeks and the dazzling light in his eyes.

"The ghastly part was seeing the chap gored to death. He was a young matador and he sat on the wall near the gate through which a bull was driven into the arena. A little puppet, a little cloth doll made by a famous beauty was fastened to a barb in the animal's back. He reached out for this, must have been in love with the girl. We saw her later and she was a beauty. He didn't get it, merely loosened the barb. The bull rushed directly at a picador and about twenty feet from the wall the doll fell into the arena. The bull was going at a fearful rate away from the spot, and the chap jumped off the wall and went after the doll. Everybody cheered and before they could stop, the bull turned and gored him to death." He shuddered. "I'll see that for the rest of my life."

The French gentleman had leaned far back in a gilt chair as if trying to detach himself from the scene. One hand plucked his moustache. He sighed and his voice was high-drawn like a fiddle-note, "Ah, those Americans, always, always they seek what they do not approve."



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A MAN OF INACTION

G. E. Mitton

I

Pull, pull the oars
And leave the women at home.

THE words, chanted in a hoarse chorus, to an air that might have been that of "Rye Sally Walker," rang across the slate-gray smoothness of Ullswater Lake from a jovial crew who were pulling up to Pooley Bridge in anticipation of an evening's spree. No sooner had they ceased their inane chant than some one of them started a gramophone in a rollicking harsh tune.

Two men who had pulled in under the shadow of the sleeping hills were savagely annoyed.

"Howling devils," said one who was in charge of the oars. The other, who was sitting in the stern, stooped abruptly, and picking up a shot-gun which lay in the bottom of the boat, discharged it deliberately in the direction of the passing boat-load, invisible in the drooping darkness. The discharge had no more effect on the offenders than the opening of a soda-water bottle; they continued on their way, leaving behind them a trail of outrageous noise, like the noisome murk from a steamer funnel. The report of the gun re-echoed from the opposite hills, for the lake was fairly narrow just here, and mingled with it came a sharp cry in a treble voice.

"By the Lord," said the oarsman, dropping his hands in amazement. "You mad fool! You've shot someone."

"Pull over, Retford, and let's investigate," said the culprit calmly.

"A dozen times I've regretted I ever came with you, Leven," Retford went on as he pulled wrathfully across the oily water. "The only thing to say is that you are not capable of taking care of yourself."

"I wonder why I did that," commented Leven; "I shouldn't, if I had thought for a moment, I suppose. I just wanted to frighten them. I never dreamt the old blunderbuss would carry so far, and it seems to have carried right across. The shore must be nearer than it looks."

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"If I hadn't come with you there'd have been murder done before this," grumbled Retford as the boat glided in to a stony beach, silent, and apparently deserted. Search revealed a rough stone boathouse and a landing-place, but there was no sign of a human being. Soberly they rowed on up the lake to their own landing-place, which was on the same side.

"I suppose you're going right up to the house," said Retford resignedly, as he made the boat fast. "I must, of course, try to trace the victim and offer adequate compensation."

Leven stood just a little above him, ruffling up his hair quizzically. "I suppose that *would* fall within your duties," he said, "But you didn't bargain for that. Is it worth it, Retford — is it worth it? That's what you must ask yourself."

With this extraordinary remark he went on alone.

II

"I've done all I can," said Retford an hour or so later, as he sank into a chair, still panting from the ascent of the steep hill on which the house stood. "The conduct of these matters needs tact and diplomacy. It's infernally unpleasant to be mixed up in them, I can tell you."

"Yes, my dear fellow, I know. I am burning to hear, of course, but just before you begin I'll ask — why do it?"

"Someone must," replied Retford, hitching his chair round and beginning an impressive narrative. "I went first to a man who does odd jobs on the road. I ascertained from him that the boathouse is sometimes used by the daughter of the landlord of the inn, — hotel they call it. Deductively I argued that she must have been your victim, for it was certainly a woman's voice we heard cry out. I went to the inn and asked for the young lady ——"

"Yes," interrupted Leven; "I appreciate your style immensely — none better; but just tell me, before we get any further, is she really hurt? I shall enjoy the rest of it all the more for knowing, beforehand. Don't doubt that."

Retford heeded him not; he went on: "She is — well, you know, for that class, — she is an uncommonly attractive girl. She spoke in an uncommonly attractive voice. I noticed at once that her hand was bandaged ——"

"Sleuth-hound," murmured Leven, looking at his pipe bowl.

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"She protested it was nothing. One of the spent shot must have struck her as she was standing on the landing-stage securing her little boat. She was ashamed of having cried out, but it was the shock of it coming out of the dark, and the next instant she heard the thunder of the low rolling echoes of the gun. I assure you I felt quite uncomfortable in offering her the usual form of compensation, but I knew that if it had to be done it was better done by me, so I hinted very gently how nice a pretty trinket would look on her pretty wrist."

"She would appreciate that," came out of Leven's corner.

"Extraordinary to say, she didn't! You never know where you are with these people. She drew back, and grew rather stiff and cold. I fear it will have to be money."

"You didn't go on to that, did you?" asked Leven with interest.

"Yes, I did. It's got to be done. I said something about a cheque, — that sounded best, — and I knew you could well afford it. She laughed then, and said I might rest assured her very slight hurt needed no such plaster, and that, as unpleasant accidents were apt to stay in the mind longer than was agreeable, it seemed to her it would be a great pity to erect a tablet to the memory of this one. I don't know how it was, but I found I could say nothing else, and had to leave."

"I see. Well, you've done your best, and no one can do more."

Retford shuffled a bit in his chair. "I've wanted to say something to you, Leven, ever since we came here."

"Say on."

"It was obviously an arrangement that suited us both — our coming for a holiday here together, I mean. I'm glad you saw that directly I suggested it. You have the money, of course ——"

"And you the tact, *savoir faire*, etc., etc. Yes?"

"I wouldn't have put it quite like that, but you certainly are the most casual fellow I ever met. With your opportunities of birth, education, money, you ought to be in a very different position from what you are. It comes to this, Leven, you've done nothing, — you never have done anything."

Leven was standing now with his back to the fireplace. His sad eyes and thinning hair were very plain to see. "You're perfectly right," he said indifferently.

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"But don't you want to do things?"

"So many people 'do things.'"

"Yes, but the 'world is full of opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.' I don't remember where that comes from, but it isn't original."

"That's the theory, I know; but supposing a man doesn't seem to get the opportunities?"

"Why don't you look around for them? Found a hospital or endow something, so that you can have your name associated with at least one deed for the good of your fellow-men. I should be wretched if I had had your chances and died feeling that not one soul was the better for my having had them."

He got up as he spoke and nodded good-night, leaving the other man standing by the chimney-piece.

III

The cottage where the two men were staying was set up against the green side of Swarth so snugly that the back upstairs windows were level with the earth. The sun was not up, and the dim gray light was still sharply cold, when Leven got out of the small wooden bed he occupied, and, slipping on a pair of canvas shoes, climbed, just as he was, in his pyjamas, out of the narrow casement and on to the grass. Though broad of shoulder he was anything but stout, and after the start the rest was easy. Then he began strolling upwards over the sheep-nibbled grass. Swarth is not very high, and though it rises sharply, its rounded slopes and grassy terraces afford a choice of ascent pleasant to a man who starts for a mere before-breakfast stroll.

Leven's mind was running on Retford. What a good fellow he was really, and how intolerable! He was personable in appearance, with his tall, well-built figure, his clean face, and black hair. Why was it that everything he said and did was as dust in the mouth, so that getting away from him to clear the system with a breath of fresh air was a necessity now and again? Yet Retford was right, quite right, in what he had said. It was the knowledge of his own futility that banked Leven in at every turn. He had meant to do something at first, of course, — not exactly in the line of putting up colossal mausoleums of brick and mortar to house unfortunate children as a lasting memorial to himself, —

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but something. And he had never done anything but help those he met along the road, when he understood their needs. Retford, for instance. Retford was a proud beggar; he would not take anything as a gift. He could not have afforded a holiday like this, but he certainly would not have come unless Leven had accepted his suggestion of being business manager, so to speak, and carrying the purse, so that he could feel he was being useful. He was a man of probity; every item was docketed, — in fact, Leven wished he wouldn't docket so much; it was a nuisance, but it must be borne in order to reinforce Retford in the idea that he was earning his holiday. However, it would soon be over; three weeks wasn't much to give to a fellow like Retford who had to sweat in an office all his days.

Leven had reached the cairn before the sun actually rose, and he stood on the bald patch with its indications of the haunting of many rabbits. It was cold still on this morning in August, and Leven turned away to go down by the beck, which had cleft for itself a highly irregular gash down the hillside.

He knew it well; there was one pool as large as a decent-sized room, full of the brown water which poured in a cascade from above. He wished he had brought his towels; he might have had a dip. Retford would say that was just like his casualness. He neared the pool noiselessly, approaching it from above over the close grass. He was forestalled!

Already in the pool, swimming round and round, throwing brown arms gleefully over her thick brown-covered head, was a girl. As Leven dropped suddenly behind one of the great split stones, she stood up on the margin, and he saw that she had on some sort of a costume of stockinette, but it was almost flesh-color, — her undermost undergarment probably, — however, no worse than those worn by thousands of girls disporting themselves on the sandy coasts in full human view all round the south of England. Conscious of no ill intent, he watched the prettiest spectacle he had ever seen.

Directly he saw her out of the water he knew that this was the daughter of the inn; for a tight small bandage still held her left hand. Her discarded clothes were lying in a small heap beneath a rowan tree, which, with the perversity of its kind, had chosen to grow on the very lip of the rock and hang out across the brown

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down-flowing stream. The berries in their rich profusion showed up among the feathery leaves and against the gray satin-smooth stem. As Leven watched, the girl dived in again, and swam over to the place where the cascade, greatly shrunken at this time of year, fell in a silver streak. It broke down over a niche like a chimney laid bare, and the sides of this were cushioned in dripping green moss. With a shiver of delight the girl reared herself into the chimney, laughing as the water burst into splinters around her, and she swayed her beautiful curved body backwards and forwards into the cushioned moss with eyes close shut.

A very unusual girl certainly!

IV

At breakfast Retford declared, with the profound simplicity of one who has never suffered from the ache of an error in judgment, "I thought it just as well to make further inquiries about the people at the inn, — hotel, as they persist in calling it. The old man married again, while this girl, his only child, was away at a boarding-school. He is very fond of her, but has made the common mistake of educating her above her station. It is a great pity, for now she is of no use to herself or any one else."

Leven arranged that Retford should go into Pooley Bridge to fetch necessaries, including a particular sort of tobacco, after tea that evening, and when he was well on the road he himself strolled down to the landing-place below the inn.

Before he got there he found the girl he sought, though at the first glance he felt surprised at her appearance. She was dressed in hardly more clothes than when he had seen her in the earliest morning hours. Her arms, neck, and head were bare; her scanty skirt dropped scarcely to the knee, yet she carried herself so that the lines of her figure gave an air of the latest fashion to the drapery. Whatever quality it is that marks out the well-dressed from the ill-dressed, it was hers.

As he drew near, raising his hat, she smiled at him frankly, and it was he who felt embarrassed. He made the obvious move by looking at her hand, now free of its bandage, and she met him before he got out his apology. "It's nothing — all gone now." Then almost immediately, "Was it you who did it? The other gentleman who came here last night said *he* didn't. The use of the

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word "gentleman" alone betrayed her origin; in tone and accent she spoke faultlessly.

"I am the guilty one; he only came to make the peace for me," said Leven, leaning on the rail over the green water, and looking at her. She certainly was pretty.

"You would have done better to come for yourself," she said quickly. Leven smiled.

"You would not have said what he did," she went on, glancing at him and away again.

"Now how on earth do you know that?"

She threw out her hands with a little gesture that struck him as rather pathetic: "How does one know anything?"

"You think that I would have offered you something less tangible and more valuable than a mere trinket?" he asked, regarding her curiously.

She looked at him with quick suspicion.

"The offer of willing service," he went on. "Is there anything I can do for you? If there is, I will do it."

She also leaned meditatively on the rail, half-turning her back on him. "A dangerous thing to say to a woman," she murmured softly, with an air and manner that might have belonged to a reigning society beauty. "But of all that a woman desires what does a man know? I shall not hold you to your very rash promise."

"I am sorry for it. I should at least be interested to hear what it is that I may not attempt," he answered, coming over beside her.

"That would be to lay bare so much," she said very low indeed. "Not yet — perhaps — who knows, it might come, — but now to prove you, I will ask you something. You are a rich man, Mr. Leven, are you not?"

It was spoken with a simplicity that carried no offense.

"Fairly well-to-do as these days go."

"Then — could you — do you think you could, help someone?"

Her eagerness now flooded up over her.

"Try me."

"If I tell you and you can't, you must promise to forget about it."

"Miss Sinclair — for answer I'll tell you something about myself. 'I'm a poor duffer of a fellow who started life with his hands

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full of good things, which he was eager to share with others, but because of some quality of futility in him he has never been able to do anything satisfactorily. He has blundered, he has been tricked with his eyes open, he has audibly heard the laughter of the fools he thought to benefit — and now he drifts — he does nothing.'"

"I don't believe it." Her bright eyes were child-like, looking up at his with a mixture of tenderness and trust he found irresistible.

He cleared his throat; he found this sudden belief amazingly touching. "Tell me the name of the person you want me to help," he asked.

"His name is Teddy."

Then she had a lover! A stupid, good-hearted country lout, probably, who wanted a lift in life. A pity; she was of the few who had unspoiled perceptions and dared to trust in them.

Mr. Sinclair from the hotel came into view, bringing a couple of anglers to the boat. The girl Jessie did not run away, instead, in modern fashion, she thrust the boat out, threw in the cushions, and arranged the oars before the party came abreast.

The last Leven saw of her was as she glanced back from the stern before they rounded the point of Hallin. The boat was doubled in the glassy water.

V

There was but a scanty congregation in the little church of Martindale the following morning. A few visitors, very much in holiday garb, were sprinkled among the white-bloused, shiny-faced country girls and the rather awkward young shepherds who formed the normal few.

The service was so comically mingled with "sheep" that it seemed to Leven's imaginative mind to be more of a dream than reality. The low-arched door was left open, and the plaintive bleat of the sheep formed a long undercurrent to all that went on; their poignant smell was strong near the door, and one innocently interested wanderer peeped in on his nibbling way past. But more than that: the psalm for the day happened to be that about "green pastures." The hymn was, "There were ninety and nine that safely lay"; and when the old clergyman, fifty years pastured on these slopes, mounted the pulpit, he gave out in his quavering

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voice, which was absurdly punctuated with little bleats each time he took breath, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

Now that he was sitting, Leven could see more of the congregation who had been cut off before by the pillar against which, true to his retiring instincts, he had planted himself. He tried to spot "Teddy," but there were so many possible Teddies that he gave it up. In the vicar's pew was pathos enough and to spare. A careworn mother, with renunciation of earth and hopes of heaven writ clear upon her face, had next to her one of two freckled, snub-nosed girls in cotton frocks and cotton gloves; and on the other side a boy of about fourteen, comically ugly. He had a head of stubbly sandy hair of that tint that seems to permeate the very skin. His head was large and lumpy, his lips protuberant, the eyes small and deep-set. The boy's jacket was too small, his trousers too large, but his collar was spotless and his conduct irreproachable.

The next morning when Leven went down to his own boat-place with the idea of fishing, he found this lad in possession, dressed in well-worn homespun. A few remarks about fishing-tackle proved him an expert, and soon he was drawn to answer a few questions about himself. Yes, he lived at home; his father taught him. That was about the sum of it.

Then Jessie Sinclair came floating down on them along the strand between the landing-stage of the inn and theirs.

Teddy's shy, ugly face radiated light and glory as he looked at her, but he gathered in his fishing-tackle, and departed without a word.

"So you have found him," Jessie said breathlessly. "What do you think of him?"

"*That* is Teddy?" asked the amazed Leven.

"Yes, yes. Teddy is a genius. Oh, I know it. I *do* know things about people. He can't speak even to me of the great thoughts he has, but he gets them down on paper sometimes. No one has seen them but me. He is cramped and buried here. Do you know that the vicar, his father, teaches him, though he knows nothing? Think of the agony of it. Day by day Teddy goes over the same old grind and pretends he knows no more, because, you see, it would be dreadful for his father to know he thinks it all baby-food. His father is stupid, — oh yes, it is a dreadful thing to say

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of a clergyman, but it's true. He is jealous of Teddy. Long ago Teddy tried to tell him that he was far beyond what he is allowed to do, but he was dreadfully snubbed, and now he says nothing."

"But, my dear girl," Leven protested, when the torrents of words had run themselves out; "it's absurd. It's not human nature. If the boy is really clever, the father would be the first to be gratified. Why? If because of nothing else, he would see a future for his son."

"He doesn't. He's just the particular kind of fool who can't. He's been here too long; he's grown like a sheep. He's got that suspicious stare a sheep has at anything beyond the grass. No one knows but me. They think Teddy a dull good boy. He can't even talk to me as we would like; we can't go walks together, because they think it 'strange' and 'odd.'"

"What must I do!" asked Leven submissively.

"Read some of the things he has written. I will give them to you, but, of course, you mustn't let him know. By the way, Mr. Leven, you seemed so surprised when I said that it was Teddy I wanted you to help. Who did you think it was?"

"I imagined Teddy was some young man in whom you had an interest."

"A lover? I have no lovers! How could I have? I am like no one here, just a betwixt-and-between. The young shepherds would, of course, never dream of it. And what have I to find in them? The visitors treat me with a half-playful friendly familiarity."

"You seem almost as lonely as Teddy."

"I suppose I am. There is so little I can do. Have you seen my stepmother? She is very nice, pretty too, and a good manager. She is just 'it,' not, — oh, how can I say it? — not knowing that there is anything beyond. That's so curious, isn't it? When one gets to know a little bit, ever such a little bit more, one can always look back and see what is behind, but one can never look on above and see the beyond, — not to comprehend it, that is. Unless one knows there is more to know, I mean, how can one understand one's own ignorance? I *do* express it badly. No matter about me. The time will come when I shall escape quite easily."

"How will you manage that?"

"A woman's way. I shall marry. Yes, as I said, there are not many, but there are a few I could have, conceited ones, of course,

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— a little wheedling, a little flattery, and they would nobly sacrifice themselves to their own inclinations by marrying the beggar girl, — my King Cophetuas. A conceited man need not be a bad husband, and he would always be easy to manage."

VI

A week later and the lake was wildly tossing its wind-raised waves; the rain stalked the hills in gigantic spectral columns, and the air that had been so warm was icy-cold.

Lamp and fire burned brightly within the little house under the lee of the hill, and Leven, with a richly-colored pipe in his mouth, sat deeply absorbed in some odd scraps of paper. Their miscellaneous character, and their condition, written on both sides, spoke eloquently of the shifts of Teddy to get the simplest material on which to set down his bursting thought. What Leven had inspected so far showed brain certainly. The poems and ideas were mostly in Latin or in classical English; they would have been creditable as the work of a sixth-form boy in a public school, and were clever as the work of a mostly self-taught child of fourteen, but they displayed no genius.

Retford had been wandering up and down restlessly.

"I say, Leven," he said, after four or five attempts to break into speech. "She's an extremely clever girl, you know, and when all is said against her that can be said —"

"Umph?"

"I mean about her station in life and all that, you have to remember that brains tell, and a woman, clever and charming, easily reaches up to her husband's station. These Westmoreland people have good blood in their veins, too. It isn't her looks that attract me so much as her discrimination. She is so perceptive; she knows a fool when she sees one — and — er — a man who isn't a fool too, you know. Some people are so dense, it would kill me to live with them."

"Eh? Who is it you are talking of?"

"Jessie Sinclair. But I'm only rotting, I couldn't really do it. My mother would have a word to say. No. I must see her again, of course, and soothe down any little feeling I may unintentionally have aroused."

"I fancy it will depend on her," said Leven half to himself.

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"What? Well, you obviously don't want me, so I think I'll just go down to the hotel. What a night!"

When, with a good deal of fuss and stamping, he had got into his mackintosh and departed, Leven resumed his reading. The last thing he got hold of was the best. Most unpromising choice of material one would have thought. It was a poem in English blank verse, telling the story of Er the son of Armenius, taken from the tenth book of Plato's *Republic*. In some mysterious way the boy had caught the glow of Plato's high thought. With many a mark of the tool he had labored, but the inspiration shone through, and there was something that came and went that made Leven's breath come faster. He had found his mark of genius, the girl was right! How on earth had she known? The boy was crude and undeveloped, obviously limited by his disadvantages, but he was a boy with a mind which could fly to any height.

Leven let the paper fall on his knee, and sat on looking into the coal fire necessary on this cold northern August evening. Teddy should be his grand opportunity. In Teddy he would see developed all those dreams with which he had started life. He had meant to write poetry; he had meant to be a great classical scholar; and in the fine mind of the child he saw the creative power he had lacked.

And he, Leven, who sat there, began to feel that at last he should do some great thing for another. Blindly he sat, unconscious that his way through life was already marked by "great" things. Never a fellow-creature had appealed to him in vain; never one had been helped without the resources of a finely sensitive soul being taxed that the gift of help might be delivered without hurt to the self-respect of the recipient.

His pathway behind was radiant with light, but he knew it not. He looked onward, and saw only the light that he should kindle for himself by the discovery of Teddy.

Meantime, in an upstairs room at the hotel-inn, Retford was face to face with Jessie. It was a small room, overfilled with worn furniture. It was occasionally let as a "private sitting-room" to visitors in the summer, and was used by the family in the winter. Everything in it had a discolored look. The cheap piano piled with dog-eared torn music, the damp walls plastered with cheap pictures in cheaper frames, and china ornaments set upon plush

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"plaques." It was a room where, if you moved at all, you had also to move some piece of furniture to make way.

At the table sat Jessie with a soiled account-book before her. She had been adding up the columns before Retford came in at the door, and, shutting it behind him, sat down on a chair close to her. He had asked for her, and when her father offered to fetch her, and he had suggested going up himself to find her, he had decided his fate in life.

"I wish you hadn't come," said Jessie, her face bent low over her figures, "but now you are here you might help me with these accounts; the total comes different every time."

Instead of that, he leaned nearer to her, across the creased red rep cloth. "Why do you say you wish I hadn't come, Jessie?"

"*You* know." The words were so low that he had to lean nearer yet.

"Perhaps I can guess. You think that I shall soon go away, eh?"

No answer.

"Tell me, Jessie, would you be very sad if I went away?"

"Of course not," with a defiant shake of the head. "I wouldn't. I should think then you were just like all the rest."

"And you don't think so now?"

For answer she looked up at him under her lashes for one glinting moment, but it was enough, — Retford was a doomed man.

"And what would you say if you knew I had come here to-night to ask you to be my wife?"

Never had he felt so deliciously magnanimous, so grand and noble as then!

"I should say ——"

"Yes?" He was holding her now in his arms.

"That you were different from any man I had ever known."

"My darling! You are fit to be the wife of a king."

"Then you are my king," she said, turning to him.

When he heard the news, Leven puzzled long whether this would be accounted to him for righteousness or not, and then gave it up in despair and fell back upon his undoubted "find" of Teddy.

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YOUR HOUSE IS MY CASTLE

ARTHUR RUHL

HOMES, in ultra-modern Russia, have met the fate of a number of other "bourgeois notions," and palatial chambers in Moscow have been chopped up into tiny compartments to make room for the crowds of people who have been thronging into the city since 1917. Cobblers, professors, and quondam nobles are here pictured trying desperately to keep the home fires burning while using a common latchkey and stumbling over each others' umbrellas in quarters packed tight by vigilant housing committees.

IN a story which deeply moved the fiction readers of a generation ago, the hero, pausing on the doorstep of the lady to whom he had just offered his hand, gazed down the long line of gas-lamps which led to that far-off bourne where dwelt the "other woman." If he had but twenty-four hours longer to live, would he choose to spend them with her or with the Bishop's daughter? . . . With her, — if but that brief time were left. A life-time was another matter. We were not led to believe that this other lady was in any wise reprehensible. It was scarcely in the rôle of Mr. Davis' heroes to know any such. She lived "at the other end of the gas-lamps," and that was enough.

The geography of New York, with wealth and fashion gathered about its central avenue and the cross streets leading down a descending social scale, invites such symbolism. Its sharp visualization of social differences strikes us all from time to time. On some wilting summer night, as we stroll past shuttered palaces whose owners are inviting their souls somewhere by the sea, an "L" train, blinking across the street to the eastward, suddenly recalls the sweating herds in the tenements over there trying to sleep. . . .

Why — but the speculation stops before we are ready to take any strange birds into *our* little five-room nest! In Moscow the Fifth Avenue pedestrian's midsummer fancy has been carried to the logical and bitter end. So many people, so many square feet of floor space. Divide the one by the other, at whichever end of the gas-lamps they live, and there you are.

One begins, naturally, with the palaces. They become hospitals or schools, or, if they are interesting enough, museums. In 1900, a casual visitor to Petrograd would not have been likely to see the inside of the Stroganov Palace on the Nevski. Last summer I

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paid a few cents admission and strolled with the rest amidst Rubenses and Van Dycks, Gobelins made in Russia in the eighteenth century, and crystal lustres of the time of Catherine II, fine and delicate, like ladies' necklaces. On hot summer mornings, in Moscow, I used to wake up to gaze on the cool browns and greens of smoky old seventeenth century Flemish paintings, for the members of the A. R. A. were privileged persons. The amateur of art who used to own the house still lived there, — in a little room near the kitchen. When the A. R. A. left, the house became a museum again.

In the beginning, as everybody knows, houses and lots were nationalized. Ownership still rests with the State, but with the gradual retreat toward a modified form of capitalism there has been a tendency to permit former owners to resume partial occupancy of their premises. Management of the house is in the hands of a house-committee elected by the tenants from among their number. To this committee the lodgers pay a certain sum in the nature of rent which is applied to repairs and upkeep. For water and electric light the tenants pay the State-controlled companies just as they used to pay private ones.

Much depends on the house-committee. Subject to the decrees of higher authorities, they virtually run the house. A "good" committee can make things easy. Assume, for instance, that all the persons registered as living in your apartment are there, although actually some of them may be living somewhere else. A "bad" committee can make life insufferable: take one of your three precious rooms while friends of theirs in the five-room flat downstairs are left undisturbed, — and so on. Even when former owners have contrived to remain in their houses, they generally live in the less attractive rooms, and more often than not, — for safety's sake and to avoid doorkeepers' fees, — the main entrances of big apartment houses have been closed and one picks one's way in through the court and up what used to be the dark servants' stairs.

To be concrete, let us observe for a moment how this business of equalizing living conditions works out in the average middle-class family. This particular family, old friends of mine, consists of a widowed mother and a grown son and daughter. The father, a small Government official, died just as the war was beginning

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and left so little that the daughter went to work as a secretary. The son was just then finishing his engineering course in Germany. Although not rich, they had always lived comfortably. The daughter went to boarding-school in Switzerland and spoke the regulation three languages,— English, French, and German, — in addition to her own. In summer they had their weeks on the Black Sea or somewhere else in the country. With the death of the father these were given up, but they still kept their old apartment and one faithful servant; the grand piano, books and so on; their friends and the general air of their old life. So things were when the Revolution came.

The nationalization of the banks took all their savings, and the securities, jewels, and silver, in which the small funds left by the husband had been invested. Nothing was left but the earnings of the daughter and the wages which the son, on his return from abroad, received as a minor technical man in a factory. The mother, too old and crippled by rheumatism to work, had to pay an extra fee, — as an "idle" person, — for her share in the lodgings and be supported, of course, by the other two. The servant went, leaving all the housework to be done by the daughter after she returned from her office. And then began a progressive eating away of their apartment.

The hall, as you enter now, is filled with the coats, hats, and rubbers of half a dozen families or parts of families. On the right, in what used to be a sort of study, lives a man and his wife and their very vocal baby. "Speculators" before the "new economic policy" began, — engaged, that is to say, in a sort of bootlegging private trade in spite of the Government's prohibition of it, — they now belong to that curious class of small merchants, who, with no shop of their own unless possibly a stall or a chair in one of the public markets, carry on a sketchy middleman's business. Their particular commodity is stockings. Boxes of them are almost always piled outside their door and the doorbell is always ringing to admit the queer fish with whom they do business.

On the left, just before you enter the living-room, the hall takes a turn, and leads past a common kitchen to the rooms occupied by various other members of the menagerie. Among them is a relative, a young woman whose husband disappeared with Denikin, and who later came north from the Ukraine with her

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two little children. A place was somehow made for her, and as she could not find work, her support also fell to the two others. At the end of the hall lives a plasterer, — the only true proletarian in the place, — who leaves early in the morning and returns in the evening, generally leaving a vague trail of white along the hall. A good-natured, industrious fellow, he spends a good part of each night cobbling boots, — an avocation which, however commendable, does not make it easier for the others to sleep.

The common kitchen is something that a Hogarth might imagine but one wouldn't care to paint. Russians are not meticulous in such matters; everybody is overworked, tired, hurried, and more or less callous to disorder, and with the stimulus of private ownership taken away and half a dozen families trying to use the place at the same time or following each other in rotation, this smoke-stained, greasy cave never does get clean. I was forbidden to enter it, but the Pandora impulse got too strong one day and I opened the door. . . .

Just how the various tenants composed themselves for sleep I never knew, but the only corner of their apartment which its original occupants had to themselves was the dining-living-room and the little bedroom beyond it. To save fuel and heat, a stove had been set up in the former room close to the dining table and the miraculously preserved piano. This stove is bricked in to hold the heat, and by building a fire in the afternoon they could get dinner, the only thing approaching a "square" meal in the day, keep warm during the evening and night, and trust to what warmth was left to worry through the next day. Breakfast, consisting of bread and tea, was prepared on a "Primus," — a kerosene burner with a little plunger for making a compressed-air flame, used everywhere nowadays in Russia. Sometimes the daughter came home from her office for luncheon. Otherwise both she and the son followed the common custom of taking a sandwich to work with them, and with that and the glass or two of tea brought round during the day in most Russian offices, carrying on till dinner time.

The amount of food on which people can live and work would seem almost incredible to Americans used to a "balanced" diet. An apparently delicate young lady, brought up to do nothing, to stay in bed half the morning and to have all the sweets and

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pastries of which Russians are so fond, will get up now in a cold room, — never really warm in our sense of the word, — swallow a glass or two of tea, without sugar or milk, perhaps, and a slice or two of bread, and walk a mile or so through bitter cold streets to her office. She will work here, with a shawl wrapped about her shoulders, in the atmosphere of a slightly tempered refrigerator, and with nothing to eat but a little more tea and bread; tramp home through the same cold streets, carry water, perhaps, up several flights of stairs, and cook, before she can have dinner.

Thousands of gently-nurtured people live, or at any rate during the early years of the Revolution did live, in this way. In '19 and '20, in Petrograd and Moscow, about all such people got when they did get dinner, was a little black bread and tea, some warmed-up frozen potatoes, and now and then a salted herring. They lived and worked on this and did not get ill. They didn't dare to. A week's slipping below the surface and they would never come up again. To say they "did not get ill," is, of course, not quite accurate. Many died of illnesses to which cold and lack of food contributed. But the constantly surprising thing is the number, untrained for work or privation, who have gone on living in some such way ever since 1917, without vacation or change, and still keep their health and cheerfulness. When people say that the Revolution "has accomplished nothing" they forget this: that tens of thousands of educated and more or less useless Russians, especially women, have learned how to work, how the other half lives, how little fashionable clothes and boots made to measure have to do with happiness, and discovered in themselves a reserve of strength, courage, and cheerfulness which they never otherwise would have dreamed of.

I had a glimpse of what the original division of house space meant when the Government issued a decree ordering a further ten per cent "compression." The decree meant what it said, literally. If fifty persons were living in a house, fifty-five must now find lodgings there. The house-committees, supported by agents from the central housing bureau, reckoned up the square feet of floor space and enforced the compression in a mathematical way, just as a fruit-grower might direct his packers to put sixty-six oranges in box instead of sixty.

There was no question that the need for more lodgings was

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real. There were, and are, about twice too many people in Moscow for the available rooms. There are all the Government employees; the peasants who find it easier to pick up a living as cabmen or porters in the capital than in trying to farm without horses or machinery; officers and soldiers of the Red Army; and all the uprooted small-town bourgeoisie who feel that if only they can get away from the dismal provinces and into Moscow, things will somehow be better. Even Communists themselves, except for a few Olympians in the Kremlin, live almost as uncomfortably as the former bourgeoisie.

For a week or two there was a sort of quiet pandemonium. The housing bureau itself was a veritable one. People stormed the place, demanding new quarters, protesting against giving up their old ones, all fighting for that bit of paper, that precious "dokooment" of the Russian trained through generations of red tape, which, one way or another, would save them. The streets were spotted with moving furniture. Those with a "pull" went thundering by in military trucks. Those who had none dragged their stuff in carts or on their backs.

To many, at first, the thing seemed impossible. They were already at the bottom and could sink no more. To divide still further, meant giving up the one room in which was crowded everything which linked them with the past. That room was a sort of life-raft, almost a shrine. To give it up meant literal and complete merging with the proletariat. Yet somehow, in characteristic Russian fashion, the thing was done. The human being, as Dostoevski observed, is the only animal who can get used to anything.

Four women, — a very distinguished old lady who knew everybody and had her salon in the old days, her daughter now working in a Soviet office, and two elderly maiden ladies, — lived in four rooms. The two sisters slept in one of the rooms amidst the crowded remnants of their old furniture, bits of porcelain, and faded photographs of Guards' officers and country-house picnics, which told of their former life. The mother and daughter each had a little bedroom, and the fourth room was used as a dining-room and recitation-room for the lessons with which the three elder ladies eked out a living.

The order came to give up one of the four rooms. By disposing

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of some of the furniture and shifting the rest, the daughter crowded her mother and herself into one little bedroom. A man and his wife, with a piano on which the latter spent most of the day practising, moved into the mother's room. A week or two later I was entertained there at dinner. It was a very special occasion, and we had a whole baked fish with a cream sauce and a dessert which many days' language lessons must have gone to pay for. A threadbare Petrograd professor, in Moscow for some sort of professors' convention, dropped in, with whimsical tales of an Esthonian estate of his which even yet had not been taken. The mother, looking like a dowager empress in her black robe and widow's cap, and still witty and vigorous in spite of her more than seventy years, led the talk, into and out of politics, books, personalities, in Russian, French, English, in quite the grand old manner, and if you had shut your eyes you might have thought you were in the Petersburg of a generation ago.

It was a very special day outside, too, — the anniversary of the Revolution. Trotzsky had addressed forty thousand troops of the Red Army in the shadow of the Kremlin, and all day long the populace had waited patiently, banked up in the back streets for miles, their turn to fall in with the procession that trailed interminably through the Red Square. They sang songs and tossed each other up in the air, and as one watched them there was no getting away from the fact that this was a real anniversary and that they were celebrating it. They might complain of this and that, have little love for those who are now Russia's dictators, yet they felt, underneath, that the Revolution had somehow or other been a victory.

"It's *our* Moscow now!" they seemed to be saying, "*Our* Russia! . . .

In considering things Russian, it is rarely safe to leave behind a certain sense of humor. With the-day-after-tomorrow and the Middle Ages, let alone East and West, jostling each other everywhere, it is the unexpected that generally happens. Two and two rarely make four, and one is frequently reminded of some Oriental isle where the shipwrecked stranger, about to be executed for offending some tribal god, cures the King's sore eyes with a little boric acid and forthwith receives his liberty, the King's most beautiful daughter, and a chest full of pearls.

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Precisely this happened in one of the A. R. A. districts, where the young man in charge had a whole steamer put at his disposal as a sort of private yacht, not because of the millions of dollars' worth of food America had sent into the neighborhood, but because the A. R. A. doctor had brought the little daughter of the local chief of river transport through a minor illness. In another neighborhood, a dashing and handsome young Count, representing a foreign relief organization (and taking no pains to conceal his distaste for Communism) became tangled up with a stupid policeman and spent the first night of his stay at a certain city in jail. He was released next morning, and instead of logically protesting to Moscow, as the more downright and business-like Americans would probably have done, he said nothing and meanwhile sent round to the local Commissar a hamper of delicacies and wine from his native land. The great man received the gift and the news that its donor had spent a night in prison in the same breath. A delegation promptly waited on the newcomer at his lodgings and he was thereafter treated like an Ambassador.

But there is not much chance for such indirections in Moscow, for the simple reason that there are actually about twice too many people for the houses. And homes in the spiritual sense, places warmed and mellowed by the memory of Christmases and birthdays and a common family life just a little different from all other lives, are now, in that enchanting old town, almost out of the question. There is scarce a spot where a family may take root and call the place their own. That equalizing hand is always waiting out there, to force the door and tear down the partition.

The more orthodox Bolsheviks would doubtless retort that a home in this sense is a mere "bourgeois" notion, that the proletariat never did have them, and in our own great cities haven't them now. Most of these Bolshevik leaders have always been at home where their hats were. They have lived in a clutter of papers and ink, and the unity which ordinary people find, at least partly, in a permanent dwelling, they found in their fixed idea of a social revolution. But a whole nation can scarcely live thus. And it is being forced to live so which adds a special sense of futility to the lives of thousands in Moscow, as they tramp back and forth between their offices and the barracks to which they cling like shipwrecked sailors to an upturned boat.

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THE RENEWAL OF YOUTH BY SURGERY

An Interview with Dr. Voronoff

ARMSTRONG PERRY

ANY new medical theory is considered a legitimate excuse for levity, and the monkey-gland joke had a good inning. As usual the laugh is on the unbelievers, for Dr. Voronoff's gland-grafting operations, first on animals and then on men, have produced results which medical science has been compelled to acknowledge. Dr. Voronoff's own explanation of his experiments is here presented. So far his operations have been confined to male patients. The success of the experiments is putting a premium on chimpanzees.

CAN an old man be made young again? Can his life be extended indefinitely? These questions, old as the human race, led me to Paris and to the door of Dr. Serge Voronoff, who, of all men, seems to be in the best position to give an authoritative answer. The doubts expressed by physicians before and after his demonstration at Columbia University; the flippant comments of unthinking critics; the earnestness of women who read a recent novel in which the leading character is a woman whose youth has been renewed by surgery; the fact that the *Congrès Français de Chirurgie* did not receive Dr. Voronoff's report concerning his gland-grafting operations on human beings; the newspaper report that the Pasteur Institute had started a chimpanzee farm to supply the animals that have the needed glands, — these were the conflicting elements in a situation that needed to be clarified by the latest information in order that humanity might still hope, or cast aside an untenable optimism.

A ring at the gate of Dr. Voronoff's garden brought a competent valet de chambre, who said that the doctor was attending the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pasteur. After my mission was explained, the man left me in a drawing room full of old masters, wonderful rugs, and exquisite furniture, returning with the welcome announcement that the doctor would receive me between six and seven in the evening.

Through the restful garden in which gold fish swim in transparent waters under rose bushes and leafy trees, I returned at the appointed hour. The doctor took me to his library. He said he would understand my English if I spoke very slowly. He was tall,

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slender, dark, magnetic. He listened respectfully to my story, analyzing me as I talked, then he began.

"You should understand," he said, "that every physician attends school for many years. His professors teach him that such and such things are facts. When another physician claims to have discovered new facts that seem to contradict, or go beyond those previously known and taught, it is not easy for them to accommodate themselves to the new situation.

"I do not presume to compare myself with Pasteur, whose anniversary I have celebrated today, for I consider him the greatest man the world has ever known, but like him I have been doubted. I have never been called a charlatan, as he so unjustly was, and in fact I could not be. A charlatan seeks money, while for the fifty operations that I have performed in *greffes testiculaires* I have received not one centime.

"The reason that my report was not presented to the Congress of Surgeons was that we have a rule that any report, if it is to be received by the Congress, must be entirely new. If it has been published it cannot be received. The day before I was to present my report "The Chicago Tribune" printed a story of my work. I found out afterward that a patient had been interviewed and had told what he knew of my method. This made it impossible for the Congress to receive my report.

"As for the skepticism concerning the results of my operations, there is this much foundation for it: in some cases the effect of the *greffes testiculaires* may be dissipated in from four to six months. It is like grafting new branches on an old tree; it may make the tree fruitful for a time but it does not make it a new tree. The condition of the tree has much to do with the result. If it is very feeble, or diseased, the result is not the same as it would be in a more vigorous tree. Other conditions affect the results also. If I take a rubber tree from India and transplant it here in France it may not flourish as in its own country. The *greffes testiculaires* may not find the soil into which they are transplanted suitable for the best results.

"But this much I know, and anyone knows it who has seen my patients and investigated their history, that a man with the white ring of senility around the eye, a man who walks feebly, sits listlessly in his chair, having all the marks of senility at the age of

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sixty-five, seventy or older, will after *les greffes testiculaires* walk upright and with vigor, renew the firmness of the flesh, and function like a man of middle age. The operation will not make him the same as a man of twenty or thirty but it will make him function as a man of forty-five, or fifty.

"My attention was drawn to the importance of the glands, and particularly those concerned with procreation, while I was surgeon to the Khedive of Egypt. There were as many as sixty eunuchs about the palace. They had neither beard nor moustaches; their cheeks were pendent; obesity was very marked. They had the appearance of senility at a very early age. One of them who died at forty-five looked like a man of ninety. It demonstrated a fact, now well known, that the male glands are not occupied entirely with procreation; they have one secretion for that purpose and another which puts force and energy into the muscles and the mind.

"My first experiments in *greffes testiculaires* were made in 1917. At first I tried grafting glands on young goats that had previously been deprived of their own. The male characteristics that they had lost when their own glands were removed returned after new ones were grafted. In 1918 I made my first experiments on senile animals. I took a ram, ten or twelve years of age, that the veterinarian told me might die at any time. He was so weak that his legs trembled when he stood, and he was unable to retain his urine. I grafted upon his glands those of a buck six months of age. In about two months there came a change in his attitude. His apathy, his air of defeat, his sad expression, gave way to a vivacity of movement and a belligerent and combative spirit. His vigor increased from month to month. His hair acquired lustre, his eye became lively, and instead of the indifference that he had previously shown in the presence of the sheep, he exhibited impetuosity and juvenile ardor. The incontinence of urine disappeared entirely. Isolated in a stable with a ewe, he became the father of a lamb. Four years after the grafting operation he gave proof of good health and remarkable vigor, although then far past the age at which most rams die.

"After one hundred and twenty operations upon animals, all helping to establish the efficacy of *greffes testiculaires*, I performed the first similar operation upon a man. The subject was forty-

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five years of age and had been deprived of his glands because they were tubercular. He had the appearance of a eunuch. The soil was unfavorable to the grafted gland, owing to the effect of previous disease, and I decided to remove the grafts, but I found them well united to the surrounding tissues.

"I used the glands of monkeys in this and subsequent *greffes testiculaires* on men because the securing of human glands presents serious obstacles, and because the glands of monkeys, and especially those of the anthropoid apes, are the only ones that can furnish grafts which will find among human tissues the same conditions of life that they had originally. To use the glands of other animals is to ignore completely the laws of biology: they could never be, in the human organism, anything but foreign bodies. The anthropoid apes form a race very close to the human race. Their embryology, their dentition, the analogy of the skeleton, the skull and the internal organs, furnish abundant proof of the biological parentage of man and monkey. The blood of the chimpanzee differs less from that of man than it does from that of other species of monkeys.

"During the three months which elapsed before the last of the grafts were removed from the first patient, the second, whose glands had also been removed some time before the grafts were inserted, and for a similar reason, verified the practicability of my method. The loss of his glands had caused his beard and moustaches to fall out. After the *greffes testiculaires* his beard grew to such an extent that he began shaving, a practice which he had abandoned twenty years before. The reappearance of these hairs after the grafting operation certainly cannot be ascribed to auto-suggestion, to which certain critics have ascribed other phenomena that follow the *greffes testiculaires*.

"The oldest man on whom I performed the *greffes testiculaires* was seventy-four. I owe him a debt of gratitude for permitting me to take photographs at the time of the operation and six months later and publish them, a thing that professional confidence would not permit without the consent of the patient. Before the operation he was a bent, obese old man with wrinkled skin, dull eyes, walking feebly as he leaned upon a heavy cane. Two years before, he had submitted to an operation for peritonitis and during convalescence had contracted pneumonia

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complicated with pleurisy. For twelve years he had been an invalid.

"The operation was performed with only local anaesthetics. He left Paris twelve days later, and did not return until eight months later. My preparator and myself were literally stupefied to see that he had lost half of his *embonpoint*. His aspect was jovial, his movements vigorous, his eye clear and twinkling as he enjoyed our surprise. The fat had disappeared, the muscles were firm, his body had straightened, and hair was growing on his head, covering an area where there had been none before. He had been climbing mountains in Switzerland and enjoying sports dear to the English. He had in effect become fifteen to twenty years younger. He had been changed from a senile, invalid, pitiable old man to a man vigorously enjoying all his faculties. Last fall, twenty months after the operation, I examined him again. Not only had he retained the benefit of the operation but he was actually still improving. The hair on his former bald spot measured three centimetres in length. The faculties of the brain, the intestinal functions, the tonicity of the muscles, his sexual virility, all demonstrated experimentally the general action on the body of *l'hormone testiculaire*, artificially obtained by grafting."

"Is a similar operation possible with women?" I asked, for it is they who feel most keenly and earliest in life the approach of age.

"Experiments with females," Doctor Voronoff replied, "have been performed only on animals thus far. It is too early to say what the result may be. Opening the abdomen is too serious an operation to perform on a human being until experiments on animals have proven the certainty of success and of course in the case of the female such opening would be necessary.

"Others will take up the work where I leave it, of course. I would be glad if other doctors would try my methods now and give the world the benefit of wider experience. I can but point to the facts. I cannot predict the future. I know that *greffes testiculaires* act like a chemical process: put in the element and the reaction takes place. Remove the element and the reaction ceases. The sclerosis that shows in the white ring of senility in the eye actually takes place throughout all the body. Tissues that are soft and pliable in youth become hardened as age approaches. Replace old glands with young and the sclerosis is lessened or

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eliminated. The animal from whom the glands are taken becomes prematurely senile; the human being upon whom they are grafted receives the benefit.

"*Voilà!*"

The report that the Pasteur Institute was raising chimpanzees for Doctor Voronoff's use, was incorrect, he said. The Institute is developing a farm at Konakry, French Guinea, as a place for observing the epidemics that occur among the natives of the colony. This farm will receive foreign medical men who wish to study the development and cure of such diseases. Doctor Voronoff has most cordial relations with the Institute, but the farm is not a chimpanzee farm and has no direct relation with his work.

Recently, however, Doctor Voronoff has had a conference with the new Governor General of French West Africa, who promised to reserve for him a special territory in the vicinity of Konakry for chimpanzee breeding, in order that he may have a sufficient supply for his experimental laboratory at the College of France. Taking a real interest in the matter, the Governor has promulgated a bill forbidding the natives to capture chimpanzees by other means than traps or pits. Heretofore the natives have captured the animals by surrounding them with a human chain of perhaps three thousand hunters armed with clubs. The circle was drawn closer and closer until the hunters were near enough to the chimpanzees to strike them with the clubs. Most of the animals were injured, some were nearly killed, and few were left in good condition for use. Under the new conditions it is expected that the supply of chimpanzees from Africa will be more regular and of better quality.

After interviewing Dr. Voronoff I began mentioning his work to various persons to see what their reaction would be to the suggestion of rejuvenation. A certain international philanthropy is still profiting by the leadership of one of the men who was with the organization in its earliest days, but he has reached an age at which few men continue their active work. I asked other leaders, twenty to twenty-five years younger, if it would not be well to investigate Dr. Voronoff's methods with a view to securing his assistance in keeping the aged leader active for a further period of years. They took the suggestion with entire seriousness. They also took the doctor's address. One of them said he wondered if

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there would not be a tremendous upset in the social order if the activities of leaders who, in the ordinary course of events, would soon hand their responsibilities down to younger men, should be extended indefinitely, but he was not opposed to its being tried.

The medical director of a great insurance company, to whom I suggested that the Company, as well as aged policy holders, might profit by the extension of their years, replied that in his opinion the companies would of necessity leave the matter to the personal discrimination of their policy holders. Dr. Voronoff's experiments have been interesting, if not as yet conclusive, he said, and from the standpoint of his Company time would have to prove much more than it has yet proved before we shall know whether the results of this work can be expected to bring about an increase in longevity even though there is an apparent juvenescence as a result of transplantation.

Dr. Voronoff announced to a congress of medical men in London, six weeks after I interviewed him, that he would begin gland grafting operations on women in November. So I asked a man and wife, who celebrated their Golden Wedding several years ago, if they would like to cross the ocean and interview him. They are in such vigorous condition, at the ages of seventy-five and seventy, respectively, that a daughter said it would be more appropriate to graft some of their glands on the monkeys! They refused to consider the operation. They were in good health and enjoying life, they declared, and they saw no reason for interfering with the ordinary course of events.

As the securing of chimpanzees is already giving Dr. Voronoff some concern, and as there is sure to be a tremendous demand for his method if time proves it to be as satisfactory as results so far indicate that it will be, I asked Ellis T. Joseph, the man who catches the wild animals for the Bronx Zoo and others all over the world, how many he could supply.

"As many as anybody will pay for," he replied without the slightest hesitation.

Mr. Joseph caught and studied fifty or more specimens of the very rare duck-billed platypus and, in the course of ten years, learned their habits so well that he brought one alive to the Bronx Zoo, where it is still in good health. This exploit, and the many others in which he has succeeded in getting what he went after,

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leave no room for doubt as to his ability to carry out any contract that he might accept for the delivery of chimpanzees.

"Would they be expensive?" I inquired.

"If anyone would give me a contract to supply not less than twelve a month for a year, I could deliver them at from six to seven hundred and fifty dollars each," he replied. And then, lest I should suspect him of profiteering: "My expeditions are expensive and I have to allow a little leeway for the occasional trip on which I would have to come away empty-handed."

At the congress of surgeons held in Paris in October, by the same organization which could not receive his report last year because of the American newspaper's "scoop," Dr. Voronoff was acclaimed by the surgeons and performed a transplantation operation for their benefit. It is reported that the doctors of Paris agree that the gland-grafting operations in the hospitals of the city have not been uniformly successful, for the reasons, no doubt, which were covered by Dr. Voronoff in his statements to me. Some cases, on the other hand, have given astonishing results. Professional men approaching the time, when, without the assistance of the operation, they would be obliged to give up their positions, have improved mentally as a result of *greffes testiculaires* and some were rejuvenated to a remarkable degree.

Among the doctors who are performing the Voronoff operation it is the opinion that a large number of cases will be required to determine its real value. The same is true in the case of any new operation or treatment.

The Congress removed finally any basis for calling Dr. Voronoff a surgical trickster by formal recognition of the surgeon as a great scientist. Conservative persons will wait of course for the slow process which eventually brought ultra-conservative physicians and surgeons to approve and perform such operations as those for diseased appendices and tonsils. On the other hand, persons who depend upon the testimony of their own eyes and ears, and who wish to stay the hand of death for a season, are investigating for themselves the results of Dr. Voronoff's *greffes testiculaires*.

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WHEN THEY ARE GRANDMOTHERS

CLEMENCE DANE

WHAT kind of grandmothers will our present-day masterful flappers make? Accustomed as they are to having their own way, will they be content in 1960 to let themselves be overruled by fresh young things who will speak with scorn of the antiquated ideas and institutions of the early twentieth century? The grandmother of today who isn't allowed to "talk back" may take heart of grace from the likelihood that time will bring its revenge. This is the opinion of the author of "A Bill of Divorcement."

WHO was the first grandmother? Eve, do you say? Or, if you have read *Back to Methusaleh*, Lilith? Not at all! The first of all grandmothers was the devil's grandmother, and a pattern to all grandmothers she was. Don't you remember the story of the Youngest Son who had to pull out three hairs from the devil's head before he could marry the princess? When, after an extremely trying journey, he arrives at the devil's palace, who meets him, who comforts him with flagons and apples and good advice? The devil's grandmother! To whom does he confide his love affair, and the obduracy of his proposed father-in-law, and the absolute necessity of procuring the three golden hairs if two hearts are not to be blighted forever? To the devil's grandmother! And instantly the old lady displays all the qualities that have made 'Grandmamma' the most cushiony word in the language: curiosity, interest, the most delightful sympathy with true love and young lovers, amiable duplicity, and admirably adroit management of her overwhelming grandson.

"I smell fresh meat!" roars the devil.

"My dear child, it's in the oven. A dish of gossip tongues braised and buttered hypocrites to follow. I cooked it myself," says the grandmother, casually spreading her skirts in front of the barrel where the Youngest Lover lies hid; and with that proceeds to jolly her grandson along by way of supper and a chat by the fire and a friendly silk-covered knee for a weary devil to prop his head upon, while she combs the poor creature's shock of hair and gives a rub up to his horns and incidentally — tweak! tweak! tweak! nips out the three hairs and slips them behind her to the Youngest Lover, before seeing him safely out of hell. And all this, mark you, without any real treachery to her descendant,

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whom she obviously adores. He is so exactly like his father Chaos, and his grandfather Old Night, and she sees through him and his little ways just as she has seen through theirs in their day, and is not a bit above circumventing him for young love's sake, and confessing it all to him afterwards too with, being in hell, the helluva twinkle. A charming woman!

And ever since her time the grandmothers have kept alive the tradition, have immortalized the picture of wise old smiling love, busy about the hearth, with bent back and bright eyes, with a soft and stroking hand for all tired men, a mouthful of saws and instances for all unreasonable women, and a beckoning hand and a pocketful of goodies for all big and little children.

It is a queer thing that, full as history and faery is of unnatural relations, of wicked stepmothers and cruel parents, of ugly sisters and false brothers, and babe-slaughtering uncles and insinuating cousins where a will is concerned, you never, never, never, come across a wicked grandmother. Even the terrible Eleanor of Aquitaine could be trusted, one guesses, when it came to the point. Shakespeare evidently thought so; it is significant that King John, her youngest and her darling, who leaned on her to the last, never told her a word of the plot against Arthur. He could not trust the grandmother in her. Her "Come hither, little kinsman!" a minute before, had too irrepressibly tender a ring.

Not that there has been in the past anything too soft or weak-minded about Grandmamma. The laughing phrase "What would our grandmothers say?" has something in it, nevertheless, of reminiscent alarm, as of peril lately escaped. It always conjures up an erect old lady in a handsome silk dress, black or flowered, with hook nose, lace cap and lappets, and firmly folded hands. She sits in the chimney corner and is a little deaf, but how she does rule the household! Stout elderly sons respectfully consult her; daughters and daughters-in-law kick in vain against the pricks: and the third generation, well knowing that it can twist her dignity round its little finger, nevertheless assumes clean pinafores and respectful manners as a matter of course. Mrs. Wardle and Mrs. Musgrave will always be more common than Queen Victoria or Mrs. Knox of Aussolas, and Grandmamma was not always by right of brains and character a mother in Israel;

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but she was none the less unquestioned head of her family, "apt to consider it an act of domestic treason if anybody took the liberty of doing what she couldn't" while she "sat upright in her great chair and looked as fierce as might be, — and that was benevolent after all." The only human being that Grandmamma ever bowed to in the old days, the golden days, was Grandpapa.

But nowadays one is uneasily conscious that Grandmamma has fallen on evil times. Her chimney corner is comforted by an electric stove; the lace cap is out of fashion; the skirts that rustled so stiffly over a Brussels carpet are pronounced unhygienic, dust-gatherers, germ-dispersers, and the carpet has gone to the servants' attic, and Grandmamma's small foot slithers on the solignum. So Grandmamma, in self-defense, has permanently waved her gray hair and shortened her skirts, and wears a sports' coat and plays golf. Everyone is young nowadays, and youngest of all is Grandmamma, who drives her own car and smokes a special brand of cigarettes and — dances.

Isn't it queer? What would our great-grandmothers have said, do you suppose, to Grandmamma? I know, at any rate, what Grandmamma would reply: "Dearest Mamma, it isn't my fault!"

And it isn't, you know. On the contrary, the grandmothers of today (one has watched them, here and there) are a curiously wistful crew. "Grandmothering takes all a woman's time!" pronounced that most adorable of all of them, Kim's second mother, "the woman of Kulu." But there lies the trouble. Grandmothering isn't allowed to take all the modern grandmother's time. What with nursing-homes, and scientifically trained Nanas, and psycho-analysis and eugenics and domestic economy, and all the other admirable innovations of the age, Grandmamma is sometimes made to feel herself a trifle superfluous and out of date. If a child cries in its cradle, "It must be left to scream till it learns not to!" says the young mother firmly (I have heard her!). And Granny, pondering that wisdom, wrings her hands and, — doesn't interfere any more. Children were seen and not heard in Granny's day; but — "You mustn't check a child! You'll suppress its individuality!" says Mistress 1924. And Grandmamma, a little dazed by the row-dow, slips away to the spare-bedroom to sit quietly and think it all over.

But with the spirit of Ninon de L'Enclos very much alive in

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her, Grandmamma makes up her mind that if the younger and the youngest generations can't understand her point of view, at least she'll understand theirs: and so, — short skirts, permanent wave, golf sticks and a car is the conclusion of that matter. And the youngest generation borrows the car and gives her a game of golf sometimes, but picks her up very short indeed (Why not? She has chosen the rôle of an elder sister, and if you can't be rude to an elder sister who can you be rude to?).

But there is consolation for the grandmother of today to be looked for where we usually look for it, — in the future. When Grandmamma's ghost returns for an hour to see how the youngest generation is getting on in its old age with the work of grandmothering, I think she, like old Mother Laidinwool, will drift away again comforted, assured by her own observation that the youngest generation is asserting the dignity of grandmotherhood as it never was asserted yet. For you may be very sure that this masterful young generation will not lay aside its dominant habits as its hair grays. Joan and Patricia, firm-lipped young women, prefects at their public school, with views on Discipline, and the Einstein Theory, and the Position of Women, and the Care of Man as a Career, can you see them doing anything but continue to rule their world?

Can you imagine impudent Anne at seventy allowing an impertinence from Annette? Or Patricia, the only child, all-powerful, all-considered, permitting her only grandchild to dictate to her? How will her grandsons stand up against Frances, the football fan, and Gertrude, the golf champion, when old age stiffens their muscles and their mentality alike? Knowing my Joan, knowing my Patricia, I fancy that those grandchildren of theirs will be the most noiselessly behaved young people that the world has ever set eyes on, poor little beggars: the Fairchild Family will be nothing to them.

If Great-grandmamma 1860 chastised with whips, Great-granddaughter 1960 will certainly chastise with scorpions. And all will be as it should be till the small, severely brought up children of that tomorrow set the wheel swinging round again in the other direction, only to become, in the fullness of time, the re-incarnation of the long-suffering grandmammas of today. For thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges!

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"FUNDAMENTALISM" AND "MODERNISM"

Two Misnomers

HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

FUNDAMENTALISM does not get down to the fundamentals of religion. It is weak in faith; wanting in charity; lacking in veracity; and has no great building program for the kingdom of God on earth. Modernism, on the other hand, has not kept up with the march of science; its a priori disposal of the New Testament miracles is characteristic of a bygone and materialistic age of science, not of our newer and more reverent age, according to the Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

TO those who base their opinions upon information gleaned from newspaper headlines it appears that the churches in this country are facing an alternative as unpalatable as that which in Milton's time confronted the patrons of Tobias Hobson. The only theological choice which the press has to offer them is between fundamentalism and modernism. They must ride one or other of these questionable mounts or stay at home. But although the editors of Sunday supplements are capable men, they have their limitations, and their pronouncements in the realm of faith and morals are not infallible. Neither fundamentalism nor modernism is anything more than a temporary aberration, and the churches are not confronted by a Hobson's choice.

Those who object to having this alternative presented to them may well begin the argument in Socratic fashion by calling for definitions. What is meant by fundamentalism? Is it synonymous with orthodoxy? If so, why not keep to the more familiar term? Is modernism a word which indicates liberalism in religion? If so, what justification is there for a new nomenclature? But if the words mean something more precise and definite, then it is fair to ask that those who use them will define their meaning, especially if it is their intention to use them as theological shillalahs for the heads of those with whom they disagree.

As a matter of fact, both words are susceptible of definition. Fundamentalism is a word with a specific and definite meaning. It indicates the position of those whose religious beliefs, whether they are true or whether they are not true, are based on the dogma of the verbal inerrancy of the Bible. That is what fundamental-

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ism means, and nothing else. It matters nothing to the fundamentalist that this dogma of verbal inerrancy is not found in the Bible itself or in the ancient creeds of Christendom; that it was read into the record of Protestant reformers who drew up various Confessions of Faith in the sixteenth century and that it reflects their presuppositions as to the nature of inspiration. The fundamentalist joyously takes his place beside the sixteenth century divines and adopts their presuppositions. He insists that the Bible be accepted after the manner in which Mohammedanism accepts the Koran, as a book written in heaven and free from any trace of human imperfection. He carries the cosmogony of the opening chapters of Genesis into the twentieth century, and flings defiance at the whole vast and noble structure of modern scientific knowledge. In an English writer's witty phrase, fundamentalism insists upon the credibility of the whole of Judges and the edibility of the whole of Jonah. Its patron saint is Abraham Calov, who asserted that even the vowel points and accents of the Hebrew text were inspired, and coupled the assertion with the engaging prayer, "Fill me, O God, with a hatred of heretics."

Like his sixteenth century predecessors the modern fundamentalist is a stout-hearted hater of heretics. He publishes from his pulpit lists of infidels including such names of light and leading as that of the late Walter Rauschenbusch, and consigns them to the lower regions; he petitions State Legislatures to eliminate from schools and colleges text books containing the theory of evolution; he organizes a *posse comitatus* to hunt for heresy in theological seminaries and on mission boards. By his Torquemada-like activities he has given color to the popular impression that his motto is "Keep the hell fires burning."

It is easy to forgive the fundamentalist his rich flow of picturesque invective. The worst of it may be matched by quotations from the Congressional Record, and after all, much may be forgiven men who are dead in earnest and convinced that they are right. But what is not easy to forgive fundamentalism is its profound and perfect obscurantism, its hardening of heart against new revelations of truth through the noble medium of science. Day unto day of glorious scientific discovery has been uttering new speech of the divine handiwork in nature; night unto night has shown new knowledge of the immensities of the creation, but

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fundamentalism will have none of it. It will not even tolerate the possession by others of a vision of God to which its own eyes are blind, a revelation of Him to which its own heart is cold and dead. The root defect of fundamentalism is that it has no proper conception of the doctrine of divine immanence. Fast bound in the misery and iron of an untenable theory of the nature of inspiration, it does not believe that in the revelations of science, and in the results of scholarly study of the Bible, the Spirit of God is guiding men into new truth.

Modernism is a word which is much less easily defined, and yet it, too, has a more or less definite and specific meaning. It must be associated with the attempt made some twenty years ago by a group of Roman Catholic writers, of whom Abbé Loisy and Father Tyrrell were the leading spirits, to conserve the spiritual and religious values of the dogmas of their Church while claiming freedom to deny the alleged facts of history upon which the dogmas rest. Their test of truth for a dogma is not its correspondence with phenomenal fact, but its value for the religious consciousness. "The will," says Father Tyrrell, "cannot make that true which in itself is not true. But it can make that a fact relative to our mind and action which is not a fact relative to our understanding. It rests with each of us by an act of will to create the sort of world to which we shall accommodate our thought and action."

This is pragmatism with a vengeance. Acting in accordance with it, M. Loisy and others of the more radical modernists proceed to denude the Christian tradition of the greater part of its historic significance while at the same time gallantly maintaining its ideal verity. They hold that the Christ of Catholic theology is to be revered and worshipped, even though the Jesus of history is diminished to a Galilean enthusiast who was not aware of the significance of His own Person. They would have His resurrection a truth for Christian experience, even though the basis of it is a subjective hallucination in the minds of His disciples. In short, the modernist contention appears to be that the "Christian legend" will survive and continue to do the world a lot of good even if the entire underpinning of history is removed.

It is easy to see what this course of reasoning leads to. Based upon a philosophy which denies the intervention of God in his-

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tory, and ready with strange alacrity to accept without question the most destructive critical conclusions, modernism, by its undervaluing of history, plays straight into the hands of scepticism on the one side and of superstition on the other. It is alien to the very spirit of Christianity. For Christianity, whatever else and more it may be, is and has been from the first an historic religion. Its faith and hope are based, not upon metaphysical speculations, but upon historic facts. Plain, unlabelled Christians base their whole life and fellowship in the Church upon the foundation of history. They believe that they have in the Christian Gospel a given thing, divinely reasonable and divinely real: an historical revelation of the eternal God. They believe that the birth, the life, the death, the resurrection and the ascension of their Lord belong to the world of fact, not to the world of myth, and are part and parcel of the universal history which He is molding by His grace.

This is no new controversy. The earliest controversies in which the Church engaged were of this nature. In the words of a modern church historian, "the Catholic Church was encountering dreams and imaginations, fantasies of religious creation, myths, a whole world of unrealities. The religious faith of the heathens reposed in beings who were fictions only, and had never existed; the religious imagination of the time was most prolific; but what the world needed and wanted was reality. Here lay the opportunity and motive of the Church as it began its conquest of the empire, — to assert that the Son of God had actually and truly been born into the world of human life as man, and had actually suffered and died on the cross." (Allen: *Freedom in the Church.*)

In conclusion it may be observed that fundamentalism and modernism are both misnomers. Fundamentalism does not get down to the fundamentals of religion. It is weak in faith; it is wanting in charity; it is lacking in veracity; and it has no great building program for the kingdom of God on earth, but looks for a speedy and catastrophic end of human history. Modernism is equally a misnomer. It has not kept up with the march of science. Its *a priori* disposal of the New Testament miracles is characteristic of a bygone and materialistic age of science, not of a newer and more reverent age which already accepts many of the miracles of healing and is cautious and open-minded in its examination of

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the rest. "Everywhere in these newer sciences," says Baron von Hügel, "there is a sense of how much there is to *get*, how rich and self-communicative is all reality, to those who are sufficiently detached from their own petty subjectivisms." If modernism were more truly modern it would sit reverently at the feet of reality and learn what there is in the great *givenness* of things. One can only wish for both these houses of distress the "Sweet Elysium" of a modern poet:

> *"Up jumped Pollyanna, ever ready,*
> *And halted Mary Baker Eddy.*
> *'Oh tell me do,' she sweetly said,*
> *'Oh aren't you glad that you are dead?'"*

YOUR WORDS

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Of the white shine of rain on black grass of a moonless night
Your words remind me.
Of the glitter of rain on grass of a moonless night,
When the great winds blind me,
And the mountain peaks loom black before my face,
And the sea is behind me.

The glitter of rain on a world that is torn with thunder
Are your words calm, true;
They are little and perfect things like the bright drops under
The ferns — like dew.
Oh, your words are as bright and fresh and as sweet with wonder
As you, as you!

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AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

David Hunter Miller

WEIGHED in the balance and found wanting is the verdict of this prominent Democrat with regard to the foreign policy of the present administration. Mr. Coolidge's declaration in October, 1920, that "America must throw her great weight on the side of such an association of nations as will best promote a durable peace" has not been acted upon. Mr. Miller refers to the episode of the World Court as a shining example of political betrayal on the part of the present Republican administration.

ANY discussion of the foreign policy of the present administration may well begin with recalling the promises and the pledges on which that policy was founded. It moves one to laughter and to tears to remember that in 1920 votes were asked and obtained for the present administration, for Mr. Harding and for Mr. Coolidge, on the promise that our foreign policy would be decided after consultation and discussion with "the best minds". A more tragic joke was never put over and across the American people. Among those "best minds" are three of the most discredited individuals known to American public life: Albert B. Fall, who refused to testify before a Senate committee on the ground that it might incriminate him; Edward Denby, who resigned after his removal from office had been asked by a Republican Senate; and H. M. Daugherty, who is so distrusted by the President, by the Congress, and by everybody else, that he was not permitted to jeopardize the oil scandal litigation by having anything to do with it.

Of course, it is Mr. Hughes, and none of those three men, who has been Secretary of State since 1921; but we must remember, — and be sorry for Mr. Hughes because of it, — that those three men were the intimate official associates of Mr. Hughes; they sat with him in the Cabinet when the foreign policy of the United States was considered and decided; two of them were close personal friends of President Harding, while Mr. Hughes was not; the views of those three men had weight with President Harding; indeed we know that Mr. Fall of present oil memory, was thought of by President Harding for Secretary of State; so it may well be that in the councils of the Cabinet, the views of that Mr. Fall

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may have at times outweighed the opinions of his colleague Mr. Hughes with their common chief, President Harding.

However this may be, we may at least conjecture, in reflecting upon the record of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State, that these three official associates of his were responsible for some of the difficulties which Mr. Hughes, himself an honest and in some respects a very able man, doubtless faced in the Cabinet under President Harding.

I do not like to quote from my own utterances. This is one of the few occasions, I think, which would justify such a procedure. In May, 1921, I was trying, in the course of some remarks about the present administration, to say something complimentary regarding Mr. Hoover, and what I said was this:

> "Mr. Hoover is one of the two really able men in the Cabinet . . . The only thing against Mr. Hoover is that he has fallen into bad company. His associates are not such as I would choose for him."

Those were truer words than I thought at the time, and it is with regret that we must think of them as applicable also to the Secretary of State.

The ultimate aim of the foreign policy of the United States is the preservation of world peace. This means not only a world in which the United States is not at war, but a world in which all nations are at peace, a world of coöperation among all the peoples, unhampered by aggression or by imperialism on the part of any. This can certainly not be disputed by any defender of the present administration. It is only necessary for me to quote in this connection from the first and last portions of the Republican platform plank in 1920:

> " . . . We believe that such an international association must be based upon international justice and must provide methods which shall maintain the rule of public right by development of law and the decision of impartial courts and which shall secure instant and general international conference whenever peace shall be threatened by political action, so that the nations pledged to do and insist upon what is just and fair may exercise their influence and power for the prevention of war."
>
> " . . . we pledge the coming Republican Administration to such agreement with the other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity in accordance with American ideals and without surrendering the right of the American people to exercise its judgment and its power in favor of justice and peace."

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Strange as it may now seem, there were people in 1920 who believed these words. Most famous of these believers were "the thirty-one," including Mr. Hoover and Mr. Hughes, who signed the celebrated declaration of October, 1920, in which they said, among other things:

> "The contest is not about the principle of the league of nations, but it is about the method of most effectively applying that principle to preserve peace."

And these thirty-one signers concluded their declaration in the following language:

> "We therefore believe that we can most effectively advance the cause of international coöperation to promote peace by supporting Mr. Harding for election to the presidency."

Mr. Coolidge, then Governor of Massachusetts, in his speech reported in "The New York Times" of October 29, 1920, after speaking of the possibility of amendment of the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League, is quoted as follows:

> "The platform and candidate do not limit themselves to that. They do agree to act. America must throw her great weight on the side of such an association of nations as will best promote a durable peace."

Such were some of the promises and pledges upon which and because of which the present administration came into power. More of them could be quoted, but it seems hardly worth while.

What are we to say as to performance? We can answer most appropriately in the biting words of George Harvey, who had a good deal to say about our foreign policy at one time and another, and who said at his farewell dinner in London last October: "The national American foreign policy is to have no foreign policy." In their application to the present administration, no words could be more appropriate or more crushing.

My basic criticism of the foreign policy of this administration is not primarily a criticism of a policy of isolation; the question is not between a policy of isolation and a policy of coöperation; for the officially declared and proclaimed policy of the Republican Party, as I have shown, is the latter policy; and the basic criticism of the Republican Party rests upon the fact that its promises and pledges were lying promises and false pledges, made for the ear and broken to the hope, soft words easily spoken to obtain

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power, and forgotten and betrayed for political reasons, and for those political reasons only.

The episode of the World Court is a shining example of this kind of political betrayal. I do not mean to intimate that Mr. Hughes did not make a sincere effort to take some step forward when he made his proposals for joining the World Court in February, 1923, for I think he did. His plan had been carefully worked out and it was a proper and just plan.

Mr. Harding submitted this plan to the Senate on February 24, 1923, eight days before that session of Congress by law was to end and at a time when he knew and everyone else knew that consideration of the matter by the Senate at that session presented great difficulty. That difficulty became an impossibility, and what caused the impossibility was simply the attitude of the Republicans in the Senate who refused, although requested by the Democratic minority, to proceed with the consideration of the proposal.

The next political step was taken by Mr. Harding in June, 1923, when in a speech at St. Louis he publicly threw over the carefully thought out plan of his Secretary of State, proposed conditions that he must have known made the whole matter an utter impossibility, and incidentally humiliated Mr. Hughes by putting forth arguments which were directly contradictory to those used by Mr. Hughes in a speech made a few weeks earlier before the American Society of International Law.

The next and final political step in this matter of the World Court was taken when Mr. Coolidge, in his message to Congress of last December, gave the project two paragraphs of mention and approval in principle, while at the same time letting it be known that the influence of the administration would not be exerted even to secure consideration and discussion of the matter at this session of Congress. That is the last we may expect to hear of the World Court from the Republican Party, with the possible exception of some equivocal and vague reference to it in their next platform, combining in the same soothing words expressions which may be read as in favor of the project of Mr. Hughes, but which also may be thought to approve the later and contradictory ideas of Mr. Harding, and at the same time not to run counter to the views of the avowed isolationists such as Mr. Fall.

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In one of the speeches of Mr. Hughes, he expressed a wish that the foreign policy of the United States might be considered from a non-partisan point of view. I charge that under this administration the foreign policy of the United States has been conducted from the point of view of partisan benefit and political results at home. Let me give one more instance of this: in December, 1922, President Harding wrote a letter to Senator Lodge complaining of the fact that he had not received from Congress authority to appoint an American member of the Reparation Commission. Thereupon there was introduced into the Senate by Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, a resolution granting that authority, a resolution, moreover, which did not direct or attempt to compel the President to do anything, but which simply gave to him the privilege of appointing or not appointing an American member of the Reparation Commission, as he saw fit. That resolution, by direction of the administration, was smothered in the committee of a Republican Senate solely for the reason that it was introduced into the Senate by a Democrat; the Republicans thought that it would never do to let pass a resolution relating to foreign policy if that resolution bore the name of a Democratic Senator.

Perhaps we shall be told that the Republican Party redeemed, or at least attempted to redeem, some of its pledges by the Washington conference. Properly speaking, that conference had very little direct relation to the question of world peace. It treated of a field so limited as to be insignificant in comparison. However, it is only fair that the Washington conference should be judged by its own results.

From every point of view those results are insignificant. It may be that they included some slight reduction of the naval budgets of two or three powers, our own included; but there was no reduction in the competition of naval armament, even among the powers represented at Washington. The result of that conference was merely a transfer of the competition from one form of armament to another, from capital ships to other ships, and from ships to aircraft.

In two respects indeed the Washington conference has furnished a lesson as to how international affairs should not be conducted. The conference was carried on with a combination of

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secret negotiations, with what a French critic has cuttingly called "megaphone diplomacy."

Indeed, the confusion about the meaning of the Four-Power Treaty was such that there was appended to that Treaty a declaration regarding its meaning, signed on the same day, then a further treaty, still further defining its meaning, signed a few weeks later, and, in addition to these, there was a reservation adopted by the Senate reciting the understanding of the United States regarding the Treaty, the whole making it almost impossible for any one to say now with confidence just what the intention of the parties may be. Certainly the myth that the Washington conference removed any threatened danger of a future war is now no longer taken seriously by any intelligent person.

The other lesson to be drawn from the lack of results of the Washington conference is this: the conference proceeded on a false basis; it was not recognized that all these questions that involve peace and war, including disarmament, are questions of world concern and not questions for a few powers only. The annihilation of distances by modern science makes this conclusion an inevitable reality.

The futility of the attempt of the Washington conference to localize questions of the Pacific by drawing an arbitrary and imaginary line on the map, was shown by the immediate project of the British to build a great naval base at Singapore, just over that line; and was also shown by the Dutch proposals for an increase of their naval forces.

No real progress in international affairs in their large sense can be achieved until the principle of Woodrow Wilson is accepted, the principle that the problem of world peace is a world problem, to be dealt with by all the world.

I have mentioned the broader and more important aspects of our foreign policy under the Republican administration. There are others of less consequence. In some questions, the lead of the Wilson administration has been followed. These include the negotiations regarding Yap and other areas under mandates; the ratification of the treaty with Colombia where the previous Republican attitude was reversed, for reasons not yet, perhaps, fully disclosed; the Mexican policy, which remained for more than two years that of non-recognition of the Mexican Gov-

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ernment; and our relations with Russia, which are unchanged.

But in none of these questions, or in any other, is there any record of real achievement; and in some there is the contrary. The Pan-American Conference at Santiago was more than a failure, for it left Latin-American relations worse than they had been before; we have had no constructive suggestion regarding the traffic in arms with backward countries, but only a *non-possumus;* and we have had offered to us by the administration the humiliating Turkish Treaty.

These, however, are minor blots on the record. The chief blot is that the foreign policy of this administration has been a failure and a shame to America.

Oil and water do not mix. Neither have the expressed desires and hopes of Mr. Hughes fused with the partisan ambitions and personal aspirations of his colleagues and his chiefs.

The writing is written on the wall:

"Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting."

DOMESTIC POLICY FIRST!

George Henry Payne

So busily are the leaders of the Republican Party engaged in dodging missiles at home that they haven't time just now to take on the additional worries of a foreign policy. If there is to be an effective Republican opposition to the Democratic forces in the coming election, the leaders of the Party must first contrive to bring it into the court of public opinion with clean hands. It is doubtful whether any plank will be formulated until the Republican leaders come together in the Convention at Cleveland on June 10th.

THE only difficulty in defining the Republican position in the matter of the League of Nations and foreign affairs generally, is the extreme indefiniteness of that position. Two years ago the Republican position was strongly anti-League of Nations. Shortly before President Harding died, the Republican administration, in opposition to the views of most of the Senate leaders, took the position that the World Court was a justifiable proposal from an anti-League of Nations party and succeeded in making within the party a great many

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converts to that idea. Mr. Coolidge, on his entrance to office, endorsed the Harding proposal, although the group of irreconcilables in the Senate, who listened to his endorsement with a glint in the eye, were quite sure it would never become part of the Party program. Since the reading of that message both the Administration and the Republican leaders in the Senate seem to have forgotten entirely that there was such a subject as the World Court, so busy have they been with the developments in the oil scandal.

In a comparatively few weeks the Party will be obliged to write a platform and affirm its position. Some of Mr. Coolidge's managers have stated that he would write his own platform, but there are a number of Senators who feel that this is a trifle premature in view of the fact that a great many of those who, although opposed to Senator Johnson are not for Mr. Coolidge, intend to have something to say at the Convention of the Party in June, — not only as to the platform but as to the candidate. In all probability the Republican Party will declare again against the League of Nations. There is a hopeful group in Washington who believe that despite all the scandals that are now being revealed, the Party can win on a straight League of Nations fight provided the Democrats come out for a League of Nations. Unfortunately, however, they are overlooking the fact that a great many Republicans have become so disgusted with their Party that even if the issue was the League of Nations and a Democratic victory meant the entrance of this country into the League, they would still vote the Democratic ticket on the theory that they would rather go into the League of Nations with an honest government than stay out of the League of Nations with a dishonest government. In a word, the great League of Nations issue which gave the Republican Party its astonishing victory in 1920 is no longer a leading question and will not be an issue in the coming campaign unless there should be some remarkable and unexpected change in the situation.

When Mr. Coolidge went into office, and up to the time when he delivered his message to Congress, the indications were that the Party in the coming election would be opposed to the entrance of this country into the League with the possibility of a bitter fight in the Convention over the World Court, — with the

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anti-World Court faction led by Johnson, Lodge, McCormick, Moses, and the other irreconcilables defeating those who favored the World Court, led by Secretaries Hughes and Hoover. It was generally admitted in Washington that the President, having said he was for the World Court, had done his duty to his predecessor and his conscience, and there the matter was ended. Not so however with Secretaries Hughes and Hoover, who were determined to have the World Court a plank in the 1924 platform.

Today the party is so shot to pieces, the leaders are so perplexed and so worried, that it is doubtful whether there will be any plank evolved until they actually meet in Cleveland on June 10th. If Mr. Coolidge should have enough delegates to nominate him, the general feeling of the Republican leaders will be that he will have to be content with the nomination and leave the writing of the platform to abler hands. His most ardent supporter in the Party at the present time, — Mr. John T. Adams, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, — is opposed to the League of Nations and the World Court most bitterly. It is on the Old Guard in the Senate, the former irreconcilables, that Mr. Coolidge must depend for his Convention strength, and it is hardly to be presumed that he will want to dictate the platform to the men on whom he must rely for the nomination.

If, on the other hand, Senator Hiram W. Johnson should be nominated, the platform will be anti-League of Nations and anti-World Court without any question.

One perhaps rather curious change has been brought about by the oil scandal. In Massachusetts and other States men who were strongly in favor of the League of Nations were among the first to feel the disgrace of the oil scandals and to coöperate with those whom they had hitherto bitterly opposed. The result has been that pro-League and anti-League groups have come together on what they considered a more important issue for the time being, with the inevitable result of a better feeling and a greater willingness to understand each other's position.

The difficulty in discussing the entire question of foreign affairs in connection with the Republican Party is that the Party is so hopelessly leaderless that almost any statement would be challenged, that is, provided there would be found anywhere a

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group with sufficient interest and heart to challenge. As Mr. Edward McLean said the other day, in his interesting paper, "The Washington Post," the party seems to be preparing to go to the Convention with some of the joyous enthusiasm that marks the condemned man's walk to the executioner's chair."

For the writer, or any other Republican, no matter how prominent that Republican might be, to offer his personal views on the League of Nations would be to provide interesting literature — perhaps — but would not, at the present time, help to indicate what will be the attitude of the Party in the coming campaign. That, I believe, has been the object of the series of articles which the Forum has been printing. The views of President Coolidge, for instance, should have considerable weight. But would they, when he is being criticized for his long silence during the revelations of official corruption of the last three months? The views of Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, would naturally be important. But Mr. Hughes, who came into public life through his relentless exposures of conditions in the business world during the Insurance Investigation, is being criticized because he, too, although a member of the Harding Cabinet and the Coolidge Cabinet, has had nothing to say about these same revelations. The views of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge would be interesting, but the question might be asked Mr. Lodge: if you have time to talk on a foreign policy, why is it that you are so silent when day after day Senators Caraway, Robinson, Harrison, Heflin, and Walsh are tearing down the Republican Party in the Senate?

No party can be the exponent of a vigorous foreign policy when its domestic policies are under attack and its very life threatened. There are political leaders who believe in bluster; there are still a few in Washington who are deluding themselves with the idea that if the Democratic Party stands for the League of Nations in the coming campaign the Republican Party on that issue alone may once more establish itself in the public favor. To argue with such a point of view is useless. Fortunately it is not the attitude of most of the men who have the future of the Republican Party in their hands. Some at least realize that if there is to be a party in opposition to the Democratic Party it must be one that comes into the Court of Public Opinion with clean hands.

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MATTHEW ARNOLD TODAY

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

THE position and reputation of Matthew Arnold in the present day is distinctly affected by the lack of personal material available in regard to him. Of his contemporaries of equal note scarcely one is without the voluminous record of a monumental biography, besides a mass of reminiscence and personalia accessible by cross reference in the notes of contemporaries. Victorian letters had something of the intimacy of a literary club, but to this reciprocity Matthew Arnold did not lend himself easily. He was not a prolific or especially distinguished letter writer. His letters are literally home-spun, written chiefly to his immediate family, about his and their lives and interests. Hence when we compare the meagre biographical record contained in the two volumes of correspondence edited by Mr. George W. E. Russell with the bulk of personal matter in the case of Tennyson, Carlyle, Ruskin, or Swinburne, we realize that one reason for Arnold's decline in reputation has been that his press agent has so little to go on.

It is this lack of personal material that gives importance to the thin sheaf of letters published by Mr. Arnold Whitridge.* They are for the most part addressed to Arnold's sister and chief confidant, Mrs. W. E. Forster, and comprise several unusually revealing ones written during the anxious period of the publication of his early volumes of verse. There is also a brief correspondence with Cardinal Newman, in which Arnold with a winning modesty which his public writings did not always show, recognizes the continuing influence upon himself of the great leader of the Oxford of his undergraduate days. "That influence," Arnold wrote, "consists in a general disposition of mind rather than in a particular set of ideas . . . and I can truly say that no praise gives me so much pleasure as to be told (which sometimes happens) that a thing I have said reminds people, either in manner or matter, of you." Although Newman the Catholic had accepted a philosophy which Arnold the rationalist declared "impossible,"

* UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD, edited by Arnold Whitridge. Yale University Press, $1.50.

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yet to both remained a sense of kinship. Both were Oxford men, continuators of the Oxford tradition of play of mind in urbane controversy. It was to the Oxford of Newman, whispering the last enchantments of the Middle Age, that Arnold addressed his preface to *Essays in Criticism*, with its sentences so exquisitely modulated and cadenced in the manner of the greatest modern master of English prose.

There are, however, other reasons for the decline in Matthew Arnold's reputation. That reputation among his contemporaries, it will be remembered, was won largely by his lectures and essays. His poetry fell flat on publication, and only gradually came into notice when its author was recognized as a leading public man of the day. And Arnold's great publicity was bound to be of an ephemeral nature. It is fascinating to read the *Essays in Criticism and Culture and Anarchy* with a sense of their contemporary appearance and value. It was in the sixties and seventies when the scientific renaissance, which is officially dated from the publication of *The Origin of Species* in 1859, was forcing men to revise their whole thought of man's position on the earth, his future life, and the prospects of his society. The great magazine reviews were coming into existence, the "Cornhill," the "Fortnightly," the "Contemporary," and "The Nineteenth Century," and in the lists of controversy which they provided the intellectual paladins of the day ran their courses. Gladstone and Huxley debated the credibility of the miracles and the inspiration of the Bible; G. H. Lewes and Frederic Harrison expounded the philosophy of Comte; Clifford and Tyndall appeared with Huxley in defense of the scientific attitude of agnosticism, James Martineau preached Christianity in an attenuated form, and W. H. Mallock, often with great dialectical skill, upheld the absolutism of faith in an authoritative church.

Into this arena came Matthew Arnold with his prescription of culture as a remedy for the meagre life of the individual, the barrenness of the imagination, the maladjustments of society, the impotence of religion. By his superiority to his antagonists in the penetration of his criticism, the cogency of his reasoning, his brilliant fencing in controversy, and the stimulating power of his style, he made himself, it is not too much to say, master of the field. But his success was too complete and won by methods too

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largely propagandist. The very precision of phrasing of his ideas tended to make them commonplace, to reduce them to catch-words, acceptable to lip service.

The opponents whom he untrussed so neatly to the delight of the spectators, Sir Charles Adderley and Mr. Roebuck, the Bishops of Gloucester and Winchester, even Mr. Harrison (so lately with us) and Professor Huxley, seem unreal, men of straw. For all that, however, and because of it, the true way to read Matthew Arnold is to read him not in the library editions where the essays, undated, are put forward with the authority of classics, but in the old files of the magazines, where he appears amid the dust and heat of controversy, — from which, however, he kept himself so clean and cool. A full commentary on his public career in his own correspondence would be invaluable in re-creating the contemporary Matthew Arnold. Now and then the enthusiasm of the conflict breaks through the even tenor of his letters, as when he writes: "It is very animating to think that at last one has a chance of *getting at* the English public. Such a public it is and such a work as one wants to do with it." But such passages are rare.

It is nevertheless unfortunate that the doctrine which Arnold propounded so eloquently is given so little serious consideration today. That doctrine was the outgrowth of his classical habit of mind which constantly kept before him the notion of completeness, of totality. In the preface to an early volume of poems he set forth the superiority of the classical conception of poetic excellence, depending on total effect secured by unity of action, to the romantic conception, depending on occasional and incidental beauties, and indifferent to structural symmetry.

This principle of totality passes over from art into life in Arnold's appreciation of individual virtue in terms of culture, the pursuit of our total perfection; his social doctrine of the state as the organ of collective right reason; and in his view of religion as a comprehensive practice of righteousness, not a collection of theological dogmas. It appears in his controversy with Professor Huxley over scientific education, which to Arnold's mind appeared as the learning of a great many isolated facts which could not be related to the sense for beauty and for conduct. It was a highly inspiring ideal in the years when the empire of man's

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intellect and imagination was being pressed upon by an immense increase of knowledge in crude masses which demanded assimilation. It might be an even more useful one in our own day when the confusion has extended to the political world as well. How completely this idea permeated Arnold's thought appears in one of the letters of the new volume, in which he explains to Mrs. Forster why she likes his poems only in part. "The true reason why parts suit you while others do not is that my poems are fragments — i. e. that I am fragments while you are whole." This passage with its somewhat romantic self-pity at the failure to achieve the classical ideal is a naïve expression of the theme which more than any other is the burden of Arnold's poetry.

It was perhaps fortunate that Arnold's early poems were so generally ignored. This failure was better than half success, for it left to the age which had been impressed by his criticism the flattering experience of discovering him as a poet, and it put upon later ages the chivalrous duty of compensating for their predecessors' neglect. Arnold's poetry is the negative utterance of the themes which were the positive inspiration of his prose, the lament for the loss of those things of the past which he sought to make good by facing the realities of his own day. Like Milton, though less dramatically, Matthew Arnold was called away from poetry by the aspect of the world about him and a sense of responsibility for changing it. Like Milton he plunged into controversy with a high heart and hopeful bearing, bringing constructive thought to bear on the problems of his age. Milton witnessed the full failure of his program and returned to poetry. Arnold kept the illusion of success, of so much success at least as is implied in personal triumph, until his death. It is because we realize today the illusory nature of that success that Arnold's prose counts for so little beside his poetry. Even apart from the influence of its form, his poetry in its despair comes to us more nearly than his prose in its optimism. It may be that Arnold's prose period, like Milton's will be remembered as an episode in the life of a poet, valuable only to the historian of thought. But the conception of totality, which in different ways Arnold was always seeking to express, like Milton's conception of liberty, will never be forgotten, because both are among the permanently inspiring ideas that are the inheritance of human nature.

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MORNING WORLD

WILBERT SNOW

I would not kiss the stupid lips of sleep
And miss the earliest notes of morning birds
Rousing a postlude to the fading stars,
And clamoring for sleepy flowers and herds
To look along the east at every path
And hail the pink sun radiant from his bath.

The bumblebee within the columbine
Polygamously digging at each bell
Stirs moss-rose feelings in my wakening breast
That leave me when the forenoon rays dispel
The facets from the diamonds in the dew,
And ripples from the morning-glories' blue.

The drenching fragrances of caraway
And red-top clover from the pastures wind
At rim of dawn, when ducks go wheeling by
To lakes whose green reeds hide the hunter's blind;
And distant landscapes lift like fairylands
That change at noonday into desert sands.

O for an early-morning world to live on:
A world of cool, wine-colored, tree-etched rays
Of dawn light, world of dewy buttercups
And daisies singing white and golden praise
To eastern windows facing apple trees,
And hills baptized in yellow ochre seas.

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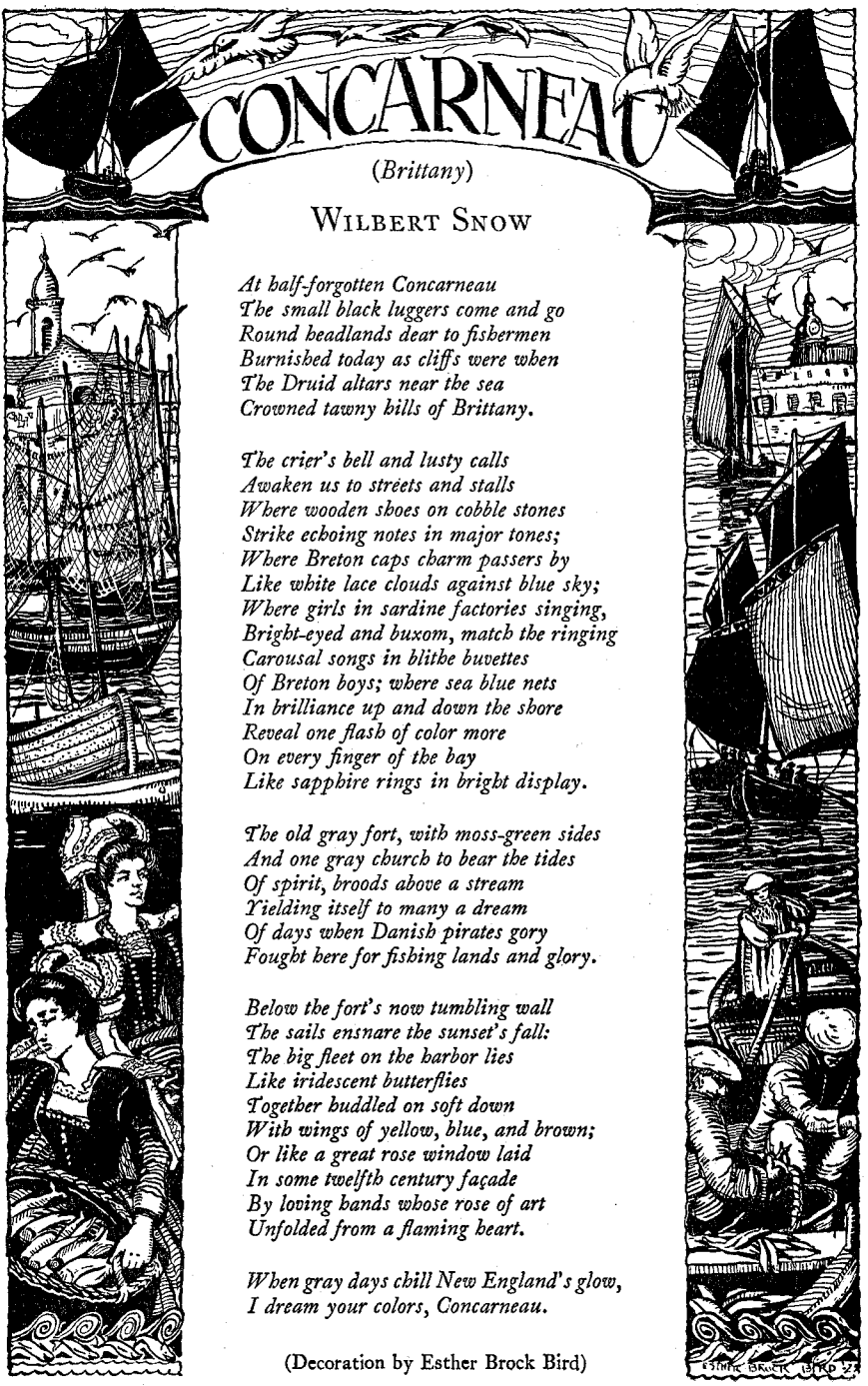

CONCARNEAU

(*Brittany*)

WILBERT SNOW

At half-forgotten Concarneau
The small black luggers come and go
Round headlands dear to fishermen
Burnished today as cliffs were when
The Druid altars near the sea
Crowned tawny hills of Brittany.

The crier's bell and lusty calls
Awaken us to streets and stalls
Where wooden shoes on cobble stones
Strike echoing notes in major tones;
Where Breton caps charm passers by
Like white lace clouds against blue sky;
Where girls in sardine factories singing,
Bright-eyed and buxom, match the ringing
Carousal songs in blithe buvettes
Of Breton boys; where sea blue nets
In brilliance up and down the shore
Reveal one flash of color more
On every finger of the bay
Like sapphire rings in bright display.

The old gray fort, with moss-green sides
And one gray church to bear the tides
Of spirit, broods above a stream
Yielding itself to many a dream
Of days when Danish pirates gory
Fought here for fishing lands and glory.

Below the fort's now tumbling wall
The sails ensnare the sunset's fall:
The big fleet on the harbor lies
Like iridescent butterflies
Together huddled on soft down
With wings of yellow, blue, and brown;
Or like a great rose window laid
In some twelfth century façade
By loving hands whose rose of art
Unfolded from a flaming heart.

When gray days chill New England's glow,
I dream your colors, Concarneau.

(Decoration by Esther Brock Bird)

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By The Pedestrian

THE SCHOOL OF THE OPEN ROAD

"COME ON, let's walk; it's only three miles."

Thus I recently to a companion, who compromised by hiring an automobile and who punctuated the journey with hilarious queries regarding my sanity. I replied with an aloofness which my friend finally mistook for prayer; but in point of fact I was "experiencing" a fable, which ran somewhat like this:

Two men once considered making a journey. "Let us go speedily by rail," said one.

"No," said the other, "let us walk. I for one shall have to walk, since I cannot afford to ride."

Some time later they met at their common destination. "Well," said the man who rode, "how have you fared?"

"Splendidly," answered the man who walked. "I have just now arrived."

"Indeed?" said the man who rode. "I on my part have attended to all my business and have had time as well to examine the many wonders of this great city. You must surely count yourself unfortunate that you had to walk."

"Not at all," replied the man who walked. "While you have an empty pocket-book and a cinder in your eye, I have a full heart and a flower in my button-hole."

"Yet if you could have afforded it, you would have ridden, wouldn't you?" asked the man who rode.

"That's the worst of it!" said the man who walked.

Out upon such cynicism! Is there nothing, then, but poverty to be argued in favor of walking? Apparently not even that, with most people, if we may judge from the numbers whom poverty liberates from the thraldom of riding and who nevertheless earnestly supplicate a lift. An acquaintance of mine is of the opinion that the modern boy, seen walking, feels about as uneasy as a Victorian lady smoking a cigar and that we his elders are grossly to blame for teaching him so degraded a practice.

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Be that as it may, there would seem to be two schools in regard to locomotion. The one says, "Never admit the possibility of walking, even hypothetically." The other takes for its motto, "Walking is perfect freedom." The first school has a considerable waiting-list; the second is perpetually on the point of closing its doors for lack of patronage. I confess (or boast, if you like) that I am an alumnus of the less popular institution. At alumni gatherings we are somewhat forced to console ourselves with memories of an illustrious past, with reassuring glances from the portraits of such "old boys" as Hazlitt and Stevenson (DeQuincey, I believe, was only a "special" and never quite in good standing), but a few of us are pledged, if the threat of closure continues, to return and take the course all over again, — just to keep the old school going.

Francis Bacon and Mr. Wylie, practical men, extol walking for the health, but that seems to your true pedestrian a feeble justification of God's second greatest gift to man, — a gift so great that without it (I speak now with the prejudice of my school) the greater gift may "fust in us unused." Still, ignoring the antiquated argument that God's gift is probably superior to man's inventions, ignoring too the fact that, though one can always walk where one can ride, one cannot do the reverse; passing over the antiquated and the incontrovertible, I can nevertheless find only speed in favor of any form of locomotion on land other than walking. It is better to walk only a mile in your infirmity than to sit with palpitating heart behind a chauffeur in *his* infirmity. But to be wholly logical, when you walk you are indifferent to time. "What is time to eternity!" Mrs. Snagsby put a poser to her husband when she said that. An automobilist tried to find the answer the other day; he tried to go somewhere in ten minutes, but *en route* changed his schedule to eternity. Your pedestrian isn't concerned with schedules subject to change without notice; he hums, rather:

> "Instead of getting to heaven at last,
> I'm going all along."

When you walk (to continue logical), you have no machine to repair, no horse to stable; and if you break down, you have nothing but yourself to lay by for reconstruction. Bless you, you

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may break down at any moment, sitting inglorious in your automobile; well, then, you might as well break down without encumbrances and enjoy some philosophic moments by the roadside while you wait for a lift: there is nothing like an accident in solitude to quicken a man's philosophy. Think, on the other hand, of the vexation of your machine's breaking down (or your horse or your bicycle) while you rage hard by in impotent good health. It is bad enough to sit crippled by the way while you contemplate a perfectly good bicycle at your side, but to my mind it is much worse to accompany a disabled bicycle along a sandy road.

For walking "gregarious in a troup" there is little to be said, — except it be on military business. Someone is sure to walk too fast or too slow or to talk too much or too little or to make a party of it. If progressive cogitation is thus forbidden, the joy-ride has its advantages. Similarly, there is not a great deal to be said for walking to and fro, though that has its benefits if you are alone or with one congenial companion. The rhythm of your feet sets your minds and tongues in order: conversation may progress instead of flutter. But if you are alone, as Stevenson has so well pointed out, and especially if your feet take you over the hills and far away, you enter mysteriously into the great fellowship of the Open Road. Alone, you have plenty of time for meditation, and, hungry at the end of the day's journey for companionship, you are in a receptive mood for those brief but priceless meetings which only trampers know.

I remember a Surrey gardener whom I met in a little inn near Wastwater, a fellow with a benediction in his eye; we drank a glass of sacramental milk at the parting of the ways, — but that is another chapter.

Even your mountain climber, if he returns always to the same inn at night, however perilous his rock-scrambles, never gets the same profit of the road as your tramp pedestrian. He cannot escape the atmosphere of home-coming, of expected things, of routine; every one else at the inn may have done exactly the same things as he; he is but a kind of glorified villager. The others have plucked the heart out of his mystery. But the true traveller is a kind of miniature Ulysses: he must press on, — "leave here the fatted cattle!"

This sense of superiority, of wide experience and advancing

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purpose, which your true pedestrian feels is happily offset by a humility unknown to your homing walker. The latter may easily outstrip the young men of his small community; it is no feat to be first in Capel Curig or Franconia Notch. And if he feels indisposed, there is no eager, forward-seeking heart to prevent unworthy sloth. Your gentleman tramper, on the contrary, has seen cities and men, — himself often least! — and is washed clean of small, provincial pride. Moreover, he cannot pick his day; he must take "the rainbow or the thunder." Nor can he adequately experience the humility on any feet but his own. It is not enough to be a traveller; he must be a tired traveller, with a respect for distance.

"And what should Master Gauger play
But *Over the hills and far away?*

"Whene'er I buckle on my pack
And foot it gaily in the track,
. . . . . .
"Oh, I do think, and so do you,
It is the tune to travel to."

That is our school song, written by Master Robert Louis Stevenson just before his graduation. It is the true litany of locomotion, sung not with clacking, cacophonous valves, but with the high heart of youth. And as we go forth from our little school, our kind teacher stands at the door with his words of cheer.

Go forth, he seems to say; go forth — preferably alone — and you shall find it; by quiet pools under the early dawn, by turbulent cataracts, on steep mountain ledges, in deep noon-day woods, on the open road. Not on the first day perhaps, nor yet on the second or third, but after many days, when your precious body has grown indifferent to the stings and bruises of an all day's tramp, when your cramped soul has been invisibly searched out and set in order, — then you shall find it; and it is called Peace, the Peace of God, which passeth understanding, which passeth any poor explanation of mine.

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The Little French Girl

A Novel in Nine Installments — IV

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Alix de Mouveray, a French girl of seventeen, has spent a winter and spring in England with the family of Captain Owen Bradley, a young English officer whom Alix's mother, Madame Vervier, had befriended during his furloughs in France before his death at the Front. Hospitably received into a middle class English country house, Alix establishes a friendship with Giles, Owen's younger brother, and with Toppie Westmacott, the dead officer's fiancée, who cherishes Owen's memory with a morbid constancy, and who is indifferent to the hopeless devotion of Giles. Alix, having seen Owen more recently than any of the others, supplies Toppie and Mrs. Bradley with her impressions of him. One question is asked which makes her realize that Owen had deceived them all by making them believe he had had only one furlough, instead of the three which he had spent in France with Alix and her mother.

Alix saves the situation by inventing a falsehood, but Giles sees through it, for during one of his own leaves he had by chance caught sight of Owen and Madame Vervier together in the Bois at Paris. Giles admits this privately to Alix, and his guarded manner implies that he has a sinister interpretation of her mother's friendship with Owen. Alix is overwhelmed. She had lied in order to spare Mrs. Bradley and Toppie; now she is faced with a passionately loyal desire to shield her mother, and is at the same time conscious of something in her mother's nature that gives color to Giles' antagonism. She writes and asks her mother to allow her to return, but Madame Vervier cannot receive her until the summer.

Sharing a painful secret with Giles increases their frankness and their friendship, and leads to a pact. Alix is to help Giles with Toppie, and, should the need arise, he is to help protect Madame Vervier. He agrees, feeling that Alix herself needs protection more than her mother, and with this thought he accedes to her desire that he accompany her back to France during his vacation from Oxford. They travel together to the little seaside village of Les Vaudettes, on the coast of Normandy, where Giles is introduced into a coquettish little villa redolent of the charm of a woman of the world whom he tries to think of as baleful, but can only see as lovely. Madame Vervier has two other guests, Monsieur de Maubert, a friend of long standing, and André de Valenbois, a young man who makes a point of being amiable to Giles from the outset.

Giles is disarmed by the simplicity and charm of Alix's native setting, and a little disconcerted at finding how easily she has let England fade into the background. He cannot take exception to her happiness at being home again, but it saddens him to think that his own country has not made itself felt to her as a refuge from what he has regarded as malign influences. His mission seems a little absurd, as though he were trying to save her from a purely imaginary peril. The story is here resumed on the morning after their arrival.

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PART TWO

CHAPTER III

A TABLE had been laid in a corner of the verandah, and a stout woman, bare headed and in *savates*, was carrying out tea and coffee. Madame Vervier rearranged the tray, setting the tongs on the sugar, the strainer on a cup, placing the plate of *madeleines* here, the *brioches* there, — all mildly, with no savor of criticism for Albertine's haphazard methods. In England such a ministrant at the tea-table would have been felt as a flaw; yet Albertine was also the cook, and a bevy of trim, capped English maids could hardly have evolved the lustre of cleanliness that reigned throughout the lovely little house. It was difficult to think of Madame Vervier as poor, and more difficult to think of her doing things for herself; yet all the loveliness had, Giles felt, been gathered together with something of the same mild dexterity that now brought order and comeliness to the tea-table. Madame Vervier could be extravagant if the money were there; if it were not, she was careful. One felt in her the essential freedom from material bondage.

Monsieur de Maubert was still in his shady corner with a pale blue and an apricot colored review on the table before him, and the young artist had reappeared and was sitting on the steps, his elbows on his knees, looking out at the sea. Giles' new friend strolled up from the cliff path accompanied by yet another noticeable personage.

This was a youngish woman, *fausse maigre*, bare-headed and wearing a very short white skirt and a flame colored silk jacket. It was almost like seeing a tongue of electric fire, brilliant, supple, cold, run in among them, so different was she from the sunlight which seemed so completely Madame Vervier's element. It did not surprise Giles to gather, presently, that Mademoiselle Blanche Fontaine was an actress, and a distinguished one. He saw at once that her charm was the sort with which he had nothing at all to do: the sort one expected to pay ten-and-six for the sight and sound of and to feel, while it operated upon you, safely barred away from by a row of footlights. A presence so brilliant could not be said to cast a shadow, but for Giles it certainly cast a discomfort. Who was she? Where had she come from, this young woman so lean, so white, so sickly looking, yet so tough? Her smile, as she bit into her *madeleine*, brought a long dimple that was almost a wrinkle, and her long, pale eyes scintillated under darkened lashes. She might by nature, he surmised, be a swarthy woman; but art had transformed her to a dazzling whiteness, and her crinkled hair, that might be really black, shone with the repeated flame of her jacket. Something in the fervor of her thin, gay lip, in the vigor of her thin, questing nose, even suggested to Giles a Semitic strain; but upon the racial edifice she had laid a pattern of strange, chiming color that seemed in its vehemence and oddity to alter the very contour of her face. She was unfathomable by any plummet in Giles' possession.

"Did you enjoy yourself in England, Mademoiselle Alix?" she asked. "Did you make good studies there?"

"Yes. I went to a Lycée with the sisters of Monsieur Bradley," said Alix. Leaning slightly against her mother, she looked more of a child than Giles had ever seen her look. Yet, at the same time, Giles had never felt her manner more mature. She was familiar with Mademoiselle Fontaine. Yet what a sense of distance there was between them. Giles could not tell whether it was kept there, so unerringly, more by her manner or by the actress. They knew their place, and Giles suddenly perceived that people in England did not know their places with anything like the same accuracy as people in France.

"Ah, yes. You were with the family of Monsieur." The dimple came for Giles. The brilliant eyes circled round him, pierced him, cogitated, deduced, summed him up probably, Giles felt (so much more shrewd was he than Mademoiselle Fontaine could guess, for all her brilliancy) as "*jeune homme respectable et tant soit peu lourd.*"

"Some admirable work is being done in England," said Giles' friend whose name, he now gathered, was Monsieur le vicomte de Valenbois. "The school of Bloomsbury. They are remarkable writers. They have invented a new method, — oh, deep, crafty. Is it truly indigenous? Do the pavements of Bloomsbury really grow it quite spontaneously?"

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Giles was much bewildered. He did not remember ever having heard of a school of Bloomsbury.

"Monsieur Giles is a philosopher," Alix now suddenly and surprisingly contributed. Though so withdrawn, she had been listening, watching. "He is going to found a school, too, — at Oxford."

"I say! Draw it mild!" cried Giles.

"But is it not true, Giles, that the old professor in the Banbury Road thinks that you will found a school?"

"I'm afraid he only hopes I'll follow his," said Giles.

"Philosophy is indeed a magnificent subject," smiled Monsieur de Valenbois, all gentle respect. "To follow a school adequately is often to find that one has founded a new one. Does our Bergson interest you?"

Giles said that he did, very much, and they all talked about philosophy. Monsieur de Maubert, he gathered, was a disciple of Croce; Monsieur de Valenbois had read William James; Madame Vervier had attended Bergson's pre-war lectures at the Sorbonne and found the *élan vital* in too much of a hurry.

"As for me," cried Blanche Fontaine, "give me *le bon vieux Papa de bon Dieu* of my childhood! With him, at all events, one knows what to expect and where one is."

The young artist had made no attempt to join the conversation and, now that he had finished his coffee, he got up, taking an easel, a camp-stool, and a box of paints, and went away out on the cliffs. His morose profile passed along against the frieze of floating sea-gulls and Madame Vervier, sadly shaking her head, said that Jules was in one of his depressed moods. It seemed that the young artist had an adored wife who was in a madhouse.

"I saw her before leaving Paris," said Madame Vervier. "She is quite gentle. She allowed me to hold her hand, — but lost, altogether lost, like a tame bird that has strayed from its cage and cannot find its way in the forest."

"He will do great things," said Monsieur de Maubert after a short silence. "It is an authentic genius."

"If we can keep him alive to give it to us," said Madame Vervier.

"If anyone can keep him alive it is you, Hélène."

Charming people they were, and compassionate and wise, thought Giles, sitting there among them in the pellucid shadow while the gulls floated past in the golden light. Strains of Gluck's *Orpheus* floated with the gulls through his mind. The thought of the young painter's wife, lost in the shades, suggested it, perhaps. But it was an Elysian scene.

Chapter IV

He had not imagined Madame Vervier coming down to breakfast, but she was up long before it. Giles, looking from his window at seven, was astonished to see her form, wrapped in a white bath-robe, advancing leisurely from the cliff that she had, evidently, just ascended after a morning swim. Giles imagined, watching her, that these early hours were set apart by her for solitude; that no one ever shared them with her. She walked, her russet head down, a little as she had walked in the Bois: meditating it seemed. He heard her afterwards on the verandah, in the salon below, moving quietly to and fro, directing Albertine.

When he went down at half past eight, Monsieur de Valenbois was singing in the drawing-room. Albertine was laying breakfast on the verandah and Giles stood leaning against a pillar listening to the song. Then Monsieur de Maubert appeared, wearing a small white woollen shawl over his shoulders. Madame Vervier asked him with solicitude whether he would rather have breakfasted in the *salle-à-manger*, as usual. Monsieur de Maubert said he delighted in having breakfast on the verandah; he would merely take precautions against a *courant d'air*, — and Giles helped dispose his chair in a corner, amused by the idea of Jove sheltering from a draught!

Alix made Giles think of a swallow as she skimmed out, her feet in their heel-less *espadrilles* hardly seeming to touch the ground. André de Valenbois also, he saw, noted her swiftness, her light, direct movement; noted, too, no doubt, her clear face, stern in its carven structure yet sweet in smile and glance. Alix was really growing up; she was already a person to be noted by a young man with an eye for beauty, and Giles, while Monsieur de Valenbois' eyes rested almost musingly upon her, knew an almost

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paternal stir of anxious surmise. Would that be a solution?

He did not feel the need of a solution for Alix's problem to be so pressing as he had on the steamer yesterday. It was difficult in this radiant milieu to feel her so in need of rescue. However heinous Madame Vervier's fault, she could not, without manifest priggishness, be seen as a mother unfit to care for a daughter. But problem or no problem, it would be a comfort to know Alix settled, and during coffee and rolls he began to see, very plainly, that this settling must almost certainly have presented itself to Madame Vervier. If André de Valenbois were here, on these terms of happy intimacy, when her child arrived, had she not seen to it that he was here? Could she have chosen better? If Alix was charming, so was he, and if Alix was not already affected by his presence, that could only be because she was still so much a child.

"A penny for your thoughts, Monsieur Giles," André's voice broke in, disconcertingly, upon his meditations. He felt himself blushing.

"I wager you I can tell you what you were thinking of," Monsieur de Valenbois challenged him, tilting back his chair, his brilliantly blue eyes on his friend. "Do you defy me?"

"Absolutely," said Giles.

"You were thinking about Mademoiselle Alix. You were reassembling your arguments against the Russian ballet and reflecting that the best of them would be that it is idle to go to art for something we can find more perfectly displayed in nature."

Giles stared at him. It was near enough to cause him to stare.

"How did you know I was thinking about Alix?" Giles demanded.

"Because I was!" laughed Monsieur de Valenbois. "And the same thoughts."

Madame Vervier was looking at them both, and again, Giles imagined, with veiled vigilance. "What has Alix to do with the Russian ballet?" she questioned.

"Forgive my execrable taste! *chère Madame*. But did you remark the way in which Mademoiselle Alix bounded out of the house just now? It started the same strain of thought in me and Monsieur Giles, you see. We were discussing the Russian ballet last night."

"But I wasn't thinking about the Russian ballet," Giles rather helplessly protested, and he felt Madame Vervier not quite pleased. "That's what I should have thought, no doubt, if it had come to my mind. But it didn't."

"Ah, but the essential you will not deny," said Monsieur de Valenbois.

"Monsieur Giles has disowned the essential," remarked Madame Vervier.

"Do you like him, Giles?" Alix asked when, after breakfast, she moved off with him toward the cliff path.

Giles felt a little abashed before her calm; felt that he deserved, rather than Monsieur de Valenbois, her mother's implicit reproof.

"Very much. I think him charming. Have you known him for a long time?"

Alix's eyes came back to him surprised. "I never saw him before. He and Maman met at Cannes last winter. Charming, — he is that, I suppose; but I think it a little *agaçant* for anyone to look so sure of happiness."

"And he's so kind," said Giles. "He seems to me, now that I come to think of it, ever more kind than he is charming. He's been most awfully kind to me already."

"And why should he not be?" Alix inquired, taking off her hat and letting the morning breeze blow back her hair.

"Well, I'm a rather unprepossessing young foreigner. I shouldn't have known how to be kind to him."

"He is quicker on the surface than you are, Giles. But you are quite as quick beneath it, and deeper far."

"Hang it!" said Giles laughing, "How do you manage to think these things at your age?"

"I am of an age, it appears, to have Monsieur de Valenbois discuss my appearance in my presence."

"Oh, but just because you are so young," Giles, already alarmed for the good fortune of his romance, protested.

"If I were as young as you mean I should not be worth discussing," Alix returned.

Giles glanced at her from the tail of his eye. How young, how old indeed, was Alix? His sense of a suffering only biding its time to spring upon her came strongly to him as he scanned surreptitiously the high young face. How French she was;

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how much a foreigner with all her familiarity!

He and Alix and Monsieur de Valenbois bathed before luncheon. Bathing at Les Chardonnerets was a rather arduous affair. The long iron staircase down the face of the cliff was almost as steep as a fire-escape and at the bottom there was shingle to traverse and then, if the tide was low, as on this morning, a stretch of wet sand. Giles was an excellent swimmer and so was Monsieur de Valenbois. Alix, not yet proficient, swam between them out to sea, and Giles, as he and the young Frenchman smiled at each other over her dark head, felt a growing assurance for his romance. André de Valenbois, he saw, found Alix a charming young creature, and what could be a better beginning than that? She rested when they turned to come back, holding first Giles by the shoulders and then Monsieur de Valenbois.

Madame Vervier was sitting on the grass, high against the sky. She watched them from under a white sunshade, Monsieur de Maubert, under a green-lined one, extended beside her. Alix was given the full liberty of the *jeune fille moderne*, but Giles had already noted that however far and free her roamings, her mother was always aware of them, how and with whom they took place.

In the afternoon Madame Vervier went off for a long motor drive with Monsieur de Valenbois, and it was arranged with Mademoiselle Fontaine, who appeared soon after the swim, that Giles and Alix were to drink tea with her and her mother and grandmother at their cottage. Monsieur de Maubert was spending the afternoon with friends in the country.

The smallest, most smiling little house it was, that of Mademoiselle Fontaine's family. It stood behind a pink and gray wall in a tiny garden, and when they entered the gate they found old Madame Dumont, who had once been an actress herself, crumpled up in black draperies and under a black parasol all lace and fringes, sitting out in the sun on the flagged path with a row of white and purple petunias leading up to her. Mademoiselle Fontaine stood behind her chair and gently but forcibly shouted their names to her, and Mademoiselle Fontaine's mother, who did not bear her name but was plain Madame Collet, emerged from the house with a tray of tea and coffee. She was a stout, pale little woman with a high old-fashioned bosom and prominent old-fashioned hips and an old-fashioned fringe across her faded forehead. Careful, cautious, grave, and happy, she seemed as one who moved among precious objects to whose well-being and security she knew herself necessary. "Is that as you wish it, Blanche?" he heard her whisper to her daughter; and to her mother: "You are warm enough, Maman?"

As for Grand'mère, Giles was hardly prepared for such a fearsome old lady. She was peering shrewdly up at him through the fringes of her parasol with the beady eye of an old raven under a dark-blue beetling eyebrow. She was powdered and dyed, and an erection of black lace ornamented her ample indigo wig and fell in lappets on either side of her long Semitic cheeks. Her smile was histrionic, and her voice hoarse as if with years of use for public purposes. Now and then she emitted a loud, gong-like laugh, and Giles could somehow imagine her, so full of life did she still seem, standing in classic draperies on a vast stage and bellowing forth passages from Victo Hugo.

She talked almost immediately of Chopin, whom she had known, and Mademoiselle Fontaine sat leaning on the arm of her chair. Giles could not but admire what, he supposed, was the effect of the French tradition of family life. It was difficult to associate an intelligence as versatile as Blanche Fontaine's with this derelict antiquity, and even more difficult to think of her as the daughter of the homespun little person who poured out their tea and coffee. But Mademoiselle Fontaine showed no sign, apologetic or explanatory, of finding anything amiss with either of them, and if her manner towards Madame Collet was often curt and authoritative, a tenderness that could show itself at moments in quite a pretty playfulness evidently underlay it.

"See what a naughty little mother I have, Monsieur Bradley," she exclaimed. "She pretends always to forget that I do not like my afternoon coffee made with chicory. In the morning, yes, I admit it; later in the day, no. Ah, Maman, no excuses! I know you. Economy is the

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motive! She has never escaped the fear that unless one saves all one's *sous* one may die in the workhouse."

"Chicory, Blanche? What do you say of chicory?" the old lady inquired. "*Mais c'est très saine, la chicorée. Ça rafraîchit le sang.* If you drink chicory every day in your coffee," and now it was an eye she turned, half closed in sagacious admonition, on the startled Giles, "you will not need to purge yourself, my young man.

"If Chopin had not neglected his health," she went on, "how many more works of genius he would have given to the world. You have heard of George Sand in England?"

Giles said they had heard of her.

"*Femme exécrable!*" Madame Dumont exclaimed. "*Femme sans coeur!* How many lives did she not destroy!"

"I will leave you to tell Monsieur Giles what you think of George Sand while I ask Mademoiselle Alix to come upstairs and see a new dress that has come from Paris," said Blanche, thus further demonstrating her intelligence to Giles, for indeed Madame Dumont's reminiscences were beginning to make him uneasy.

Alix had picked up a friendly fox terrier and was giving scant attention; but once her impeding presence was removed, Madame Dumont's recitals took on a disconcerting raciness, and when, presently, Madame Collet gathered together the tea things and carried away the tray, the old lady, as if she had bided her time, gave a terrible leering smile and lurched towards Giles to whisper, "*Elle est belle, n'est-ce pas, Madame Vervier?*"

"*Très belle,*" said Giles, drawing away a little.

"Her daughter will never be as beautiful," whispered Madame Dumont. "She need not fear her. What fate more pitiful for a beautiful woman than to find a rival in her daughter!"

"Nothing of that sort could ever happen between Alix and her mother," said Giles angrily.

"Nothing of that sort. *Précisément.* You, a young man, and I, an old woman, see eye to eye when it comes to such a comparison," Madame Dumont disconcertingly concurred. "*La petite* Alix is not of a type to seduce. She has distinction, an air of race, *mais elle n'est point séduisante! Tandis que la mère!*" and Madame Dumont, with eye and hand uplifted, took heaven to witness of her appreciation.

"That's not what I mean at all, — you quite misunderstand me," said Giles more angrily.

"*Vous dites, Monsieur?*" Madame Dumont fixed a very shrewd, sharp eye upon him. "It is the daughter you admire?"

Madame Collet reappeared and Giles maintained a hostile silence. To attempt to enlighten the old woman would be futile.

"It is time for your *repos*, Maman," said Madame Collet. "She is so very old, Monsieur," she added, casting a glance of proud possessorship upon Giles. "Only by constant care do we keep her with us."

The old lady mutteringly signified her readiness to withdraw, and he assisted in hoisting her upon her feet. But for all her decrepitude she was still not lacking in female sensitiveness and had time, it was evident, to make her reflections upon something unflattering in the attitude of the young Englishman, for, before disappearing into the house, she bade him farewell with an extreme and sudden haughtiness.

Alix came down soon after that and they went away.

"Well?" smiled Alix, "And did you appreciate the celebrated Madame Dumont?"

Her smile hurt Giles. Its unconsciousness of what the old woman really meant; her ignorance of what such old harpies thought and said of her mother. "Horrible old creature!"

"Horrible? That is very severe."

"I want to be severe. I think she is quite horrible."

Chapter V

"*C'est la belle Madame Vervier,*" said a contemplative voice behind him, and Giles, glancing round, as he sat in the thatched chalet overlooking the tennis courts, saw that it was the lady in gray who spoke, the lady who had smiled kindly and said, "*Mais pas du tout, Monsieur,*" when he had asked if his smoke incommoded her. She was charming with her slanting eyes and delicate faded face, and she carried still further, though, as it were, to a different conclusion, the impression that Madame Vervier

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had so strongly made upon him, of always knowing what she meant to do and of saying what she meant to say. Technique was the only word for it: they had a technique for everything, these French people.

He had played tennis all the morning with Alix, André de Valenbois, and a friend of André's who had motored over from a neighboring chateau, and now that they had come back after tea, and, with Madame Vervier added to their number, made a quartette without him, Giles watched them from the chalet, with a book. The small old houses and large new villas of Allonarville climbed a valley that rose in a wooded amphitheatre about the little watering place, and the tennis grounds lay just outside it, pleasantly disposed, the high road with its poplars on one hand and on the other a hillside of tall grasses and wild flowers.

They observed the play of the four courts, Madame Vervier and her party played in the nearest, and what more natural than that the lady in gray should make her quiet comment. But though there was no disparagement in her voice, Giles felt a slight discomfort in hearing her. Had she not noted him as a foreigner and seen him as unattached, she would not, he knew, so have alluded to his hostess.

Madame Vervier playing tennis became an Artemis for speed, strength, lightness. She flashed there in the sunlight before them, her russet locks bound with white, her beautiful arms bare in the white tennis dress, her slender white-shod feet exquisite in their unerring improvisation. Her uplifted face, though so intent, had a curious look of indolent power.

"*Tiens!*" said the stout dark lady beside the lady in gray, "And the tall child, is she the daughter?"

"I believe so. I find her more beautiful than the mother."

"It is a head that would tell well on the stage. And speaking of the theatre, I saw Blanche Fontaine bathing here the other day."

"I can hardly imagine Mademoiselle Fontaine in the water!" and the lady in gray laughed. "She is staying near Madame Vervier. She is a friend. The child is perhaps destined for the theatre."

A little silence followed, and Giles, who had contemplated withdrawal, settled himself again to his book.

"And who is the young man with Madame Vervier?" asked the stout lady. "The little one is René Claussel, I know, — but the tall one? He is as handsome as Madame Vervier herself."

"That is André de Valenbois."

"André de Valenbois! But is he not to marry Babette de Cévrieux's daughter?"

"Ah, that is a sad story. It was indeed arranged, — that is to say, the preliminaries. Two very pretty little fortunes and a happily matched young pair. But it is owing, precisely, to Madame Vervier that all has come to a standstill, as you can imagine from seeing him with her. He is the present lover. They were in Italy together last winter."

"And Monsieur de Maubert, then?"

"That is ancient history. My uncle, who knows Monsieur de Maubert, believes that the relation, for years, has been platonic. There have been many names since he was favored. He is with her now, and it may, of course, be that he is an *amant complaisant.* André de Valenbois, at all events, is the lover of the moment."

Giles now got up. Thrusting his book into his pocket he stood for a moment staring out at the tennis players. He could not pass them without speaking to them and thus reducing to painful confusion his unconscious informants. Yet he must get away. After a moment of hot uncertainty he turned sharply round the chalet and began, behind it, to climb the hillside.

Well? In what way was it a surprise? He almost challenged his sick dismay with the question as he went knee-deep through the daisies and scabious. Had not the horrible old woman's intimations of the day before prepared him for it? Had he really cherished the belief that Madame Vervier, after her first disaster, might have known no other love than Owen? But the sickness answered for him. He had cherished just these beliefs, and if Madame Dumont had left his illusions unimpaired while the ladies of the chalet destroyed them, that was because the first was an old harpy while the latter were women of Madame Vervier's own world, — of what had been her world. The truth, now, was not to be evaded.

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Alix's mother was a light woman; an immoral woman; only not of the demi-monde because, he might still believe it, she was not mercenary. His heart was cold with repudiation as he climbed. Owen was belittled by what he had learned; Toppie was more basely wronged; Alix's poor, proud little face sank beneath the waters. What would she feel when she knew?

But what did those women feel? Suddenly, the racial difference more sharply revealed to him than ever, he was aware that the cold repudiation was for them too. It was the colder because of their kindness. They were safe in the citadel of their order. They were kind because they were safe. Because they were safe they accepted the jungle as having its own and its different code. They strolled peacefully along the city walls and looked down at the bright, prowling, supple creature without the city, and commented on its skill and beauty. One might almost say that the jungle itself was part of the order, since the demi-mondaine was taken as much for granted as the *femme du monde*. The bright creature was seen as dangerous, no doubt, to adventurers such as André de Valenbois; but Giles surmised that the danger was not great. Inconvenient was the apter word: inconvenient to the plans of the *mères de famille*. Young men who belonged to the citadel had, as it were, the freedom of the jungle; that was where it came into the order: for their pleasure. They issued forth to adventure, but they came back, they always came back, — to Babette's daughter. Cruel, abominable, — such tolerance, such connivance, combined with such repudiation. For it was there that Giles' austere young eyes saw the evil manifest, while the conception of a social structure more complicated and more rigid than any England could ever produce grew upon his vision.

And where did Alix, child of the citadel but habitant of the jungle, come into the picture? His mind turned to her as he had left her, leaping in the sunlight, her head thrown back, her arm uplifted, — straight, white, unaware.

He felt himself looking steadily at Alix, eliminating her companion from his field of vision. He could not look at André de Valenbois yet. He could never look at him and at Alix, together, again. The memory of his romance for them gave him almost a qualm of terror. André as an individual was hideously eliminated from any such romance; but, as a type, Giles could feel between him and Madame Vervier's daughter no disparity or inappropriateness; none for a man with a spark of generosity or insight. But, as he looked at Alix and her future, Giles saw that for young men of the French citadel generosity and insight were sentiments strictly appointed and conditioned. They did not enter into the choice of a wife. How could they, since the choice was made as much by Grandpère at eighty-two, by all the family, as by the young man himself. There was in her own country no future for Alix, — that was what he saw as he turned down from the hillside a mile beyond Allonarville and marched across the road and made his way up the opposite rise of country towards Les Vaudettes.

He was striding along the upland now, among the fields of golden grain. The sea-breeze blowing on his face seemed to speak of Alix, and his thoughts, almost with a sense of tears, dwelt on her: so young, yet so mature; so sensitive, yet so hard; and above all so passionately loyal. What would she feel when she knew the truth? They must all have an order, a code, these strange French people. They none of them stood alone. Would Alix, when she knew, accept the jungle and its code? What else was there for her to do? Giles was asking himself this fundamental question by the time he reached Les Chardonnerets and was finding the only answer to it. There was nothing that Alix could do. But he could do something. He and his mother and all of them. Keep her. Away from the jungle; and away from the citadel too. "Damn it!" Giles heard himself remarking as he marched towards the verandah. "It thinks itself too good for her, and she's too good for it."

Chapter VI

He had mounted the steps, head bent, hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and he had actually cast himself into a deck-chair before he saw that he was not alone.

"I beg your pardon," he muttered, "I didn't know anybody was here."

"I have only just returned," said

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Monsieur de Maubert in his Olympian tones. "You were coming fast, and you were thinking deep. You seem disturbed, Monsieur. Has anything occurred to incommode you?"

Giles suddenly felt that if he must try to persuade Madame Vervier to give Alix up, it would assuredly be as well to gain the sympathy of a man who, whatever his past relation to Madame Vervier, was sincerely devoted to her.

"To tell the truth," he said, "I've had a nasty shock. We're so fond of Alix, all of us, my mother and brothers and sisters, she almost seems to belong to us; and I've just been hearing two women talking at the tennis about her, and her mother, and about her future. Nice women. And they seemed to think there wasn't any future for her, — except the theatre."

"Well?" Monsieur de Maubert removed his glasses as if for a more unimpeded observation of his companion. "And what is amiss with the theatre, — supposing it were the only career open to a young girl such as Alix?"

Giles felt that his face was hot, but he went doggedly on. "From the way they spoke I infer it's not what it is with us."

"A playground for pretty amateurs? No, it is not. We are a more serious people than you when it comes to art."

Giles was not to be abashed. "With us it is one honorable alternative to others. It's a career any young girl can follow, except among old-fashioned, prejudiced people."

"What you mean, I think, is that it is not with us a career *pour une vierge*. There you are right. I do not easily imagine a great actress who is not also a woman of experience. That is all that it comes to, is it not?"

Giles wondered for a moment if this indeed was all that it came to for him. He had not thought of it in those terms and it gave him an added chill to find that Monsieur de Maubert did. "What it comes to for me," he said, "is that I don't think it a suitable career for Alix, precisely because of what you say; and what's more, I don't think her mother does, either."

At this Monsieur de Maubert was silent, and Giles felt anew that, ambiguous, even sinister as he might be, his sympathy could be counted upon where any interest of Madame Vervier's was in question.

"You are right. Her mother is with you," he said at last, surprisingly. "That is why she sent the child last winter. She sees the difficulties you see. She would prefer, to any artistic career in France, that Alix should marry in England. She would, I am sure, be glad to talk of any possibilities for Alix with you."

"I hope she'll let me have a talk with her," Giles muttered, though bewildered by Monsieur de Maubert's calm assumptions.

And he was going on as calmly: "For myself, I do not know that I am in agreement with her. She who, for herself, has chosen the path of freedom, should have more courage for her child."

"Isn't it something of a criticism of the path of freedom that she doesn't choose it for her child?" Giles felt himself impelled to comment. "Aren't all mothers conventional when it comes to their daughters? Isn't convention, in that sense, only another name for safety?"

"You are a shrewd young man," said Monsieur de Maubert with a smile. "Perhaps it is. Personally I feel that for our little friend the free life of the artist would be a happier one than the life of the English country lady."

"I don't see why it should," said Giles. "But I wasn't thinking of country ladies, or of marriage at all. I thought of Alix making her living in England. I thought of a life where she would have love and respect about her and be useful and happy."

"I do not think that such a prospect would attract her mother. I do not see what more advantage it offers than a similar life in France. Do you consider, then, that Madame Vervier has not love and respect about her and is not useful and happy?"

Giles at this, struck to silence, sat staring at Monsieur de Maubert.

"You have doubtless heard those women speaking of our hostess as if they did not respect her."

"They spoke merely as if she didn't count with them at all."

"And do you imagine that they count with her?"

"They count with her for Alix," said Giles immediately. "It's their life she'd

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want for Alix. The respected life. She'd rather that Alix should marry one of their sons than be the most wonderful of actresses."

"Gifted and sagacious people have their weaknesses. You speak again of respect. All those who are honored with her friendship respect Madame Vervier. You speak of marriage. What wife can hope for adoration? Madame Vervier is adored."

"I should have said that a wife could hope for adoration, and for fidelity as well," Giles returned.

"Very rarely. And I do not imagine that our hostess has ever had to fear infidelity. She is in the fortunate position of a woman free to choose. She gives happiness when and to whom she wishes."

Giles sat battling with a confusion of thoughts. He had not meant to discuss Madame Vervier with anybody. But without implying her present it was impossible to discuss Alix's future. "I don't call it fortunate," he said. "I don't call it happiness."

"You have perhaps mystic consolations, Monsieur Giles."

"We have different ideas," said Giles. "When you speak of her giving happiness you mean, I suppose, that she has had a great many lovers. I think that a tragic life, you see; and the more tragic, the more lovely the woman who leads it."

"A great many?" Monsieur de Maubert weighed it. "Hardly that. She is a serious, not a frivolous woman."

"You see, we have different ideas," Giles heavily repeated, looking down and tugging at the wicker of his chair. "A love that can be repeated over and over, I don't call love."

"*Bonté divine!* A fountain cannot throw itself into the air repeatedly and remain itself? Spring cannot return to us again and again? It is with our hearts as with nature: a renewal, a discovery of fresh beauty. And since we are all different, with each new love there is the discovery of new beauty."

"Love to me means nothing, — worse than nothing, — unless it means dedication, permanence, unity," said Giles.

"Ah, but then it ceases to be love, and becomes duty, affection, the joys and cares of the *foyer*. A young man like you is surely aware of the difference between love the passion, and love the affection. We feel the latter for our wives and mothers; we feel something very different for our mistresses, — you will agree to that, I think."

"I've never had a mistress," said Giles.

"*Tiens!*" It was an exclamation of blended amusement, astonishment, and most courteous respect for a strange idiosyncracy.

Giles sat silent looking out to sea. The things he held to be of infinite value were invisible to Monsieur de Maubert. The things Monsieur de Maubert held to be of value were clearly visible to him. He saw the beauty of flame and fountain, and the old paganism in his human heart echoed to the thought of love the passion. But he saw something else, that underlay them all, not contradicting, as Monsieur de Maubert imagined, but completing them. What that something was it would be useless to describe. If one had come to life asking only of each moment what it gave and never what it meant, one became blinded to the meaning.

Chapter VII

The evening meal at Les Chardonnerets was irregular in its hour and informal in its habit. Monsieur de Maubert and André de Valenbois only changed their flannels for light afternoon clothes, and Jules, when he came, did not change at all. Giles maintained his custom of evening dress, but he waited for some time alone in the drawing-room before Madame Vervier and Alix appeared.

Madame Vervier wore a dark silk dress, purple or red or russet, and a fringed Empire scarf, purple, silver, and rose, fell about her beautiful bare arms. A high Empire comb was in her hair, and with her dark gaze she made Giles think of a lady drawn by Ingres. She moved across to the window, her arm around Alix, and said, standing there and looking out, "*La belle soirée!*" It was a citron and ash sky above a golden sea.

It was strange to meet them all again, so unchanged to their own consciousness, so changed to his. Strange to find them still so charming and so to shrink from their charm. It was with an unimaginable yet palpable apprehension that Giles saw that André de Valenbois' appreciative

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eyes turned upon Alix, rather than upon her lovely mother. André paused before the mantelpiece and took up one of the photographs there.

"This is of you, Mademoiselle Alix?"

Madame Vervier had turned from the window, and, still holding Alix, she approached him.

"Yes. It was taken in England," said Alix.

Giles had not noticed the photograph, but he noticed a change in Alix's voice. He, too, drew near, and saw the little snap-shot of Alix with the dogs at the edge of the birch wood. But it was in a frame delicately embroidered in blue and silver and he asked in all innocence, "Where did the pretty frame come from, Alix?"

"Toppie made it," said Alix. The alteration in her voice was now explained. Giles fell to instant silence.

"Toppie? What is Toppie?" André de Valenbois asked.

"It is *le petit nom* of Mademoiselle Enid Westmacott," said Madame Vervier in tones sad and gentle. "She was the fiancée of Monsieur Giles' brother, our friend, killed in battle, of whom you have often heard me speak. Mademoiselle Toppie," — how strangely the childish syllables fell from her untroubled lips, — "made the little frame for me as a Christmas gift. Had you not seen it, Monsieur Giles? I was infinitely touched by her thought of me."

"It is exquisite," André murmured, while Giles found no words. "Yes, certainly I have heard you speak of Monsieur Giles' brother, *chère Madame*. But I did not know that he was betrothed."

He spoke in a respectful tone, holding the frame, but for all his resource and grace of bearing filled, Giles suddenly felt, with a conflict of thoughts. Did he know of Owen? Did he accept his place, in the succession? Was he jealous in retrospect; or, like Monsieur de Maubert, in retrospect *complaisant?* And that there was something to be kept up, — or was it for him, Giles, that she kept it up? — was manifest to him from the deliberate adequacy with which Madame Vervier advanced to meet the occasion, while Alix, her eyes turned away from them all, fixed her gaze on the sky.

"She is indeed exquisite. I can say that, Monsieur Giles, although I have never met her. It is not only from Alix's letters that I know her. Before that. Your brother talked of her always. She was always in his thoughts. One could not know him well, or care for him as we did, without coming to know and care for his beautiful Toppie. It was a great devotion," said Madame Vervier, and her voice in its sadness, sweetness, and decorum seemed to lay a votive offering before Toppie and her bereavement. But as she thus offered her wreath and bowed her head, Giles saw a deep color rise slowly in Alix's averted face.

"And here is Monsieur de Maubert," said Madame Vervier, turning to greet the latest entry. "Jules evidently is belated in some distant village. We will wait no longer. Albertine's soup will be spoiled."

"Have you not a picture of this lovely Mademoiselle Toppie?" Giles heard André say to Alix as they moved to the dining-room.

"No, I have no picture of her," said Alix.

If Madame Vervier's voice showed full adequacy, so did her child's. Alix's adequacy, her grave courtesy, untinged by withdrawal, yet setting a barrier, filled Giles' thoughts during the meal. She, too, knew just what she wanted to say and just how to say it; yet how much deeper, he felt sure, was her perturbation than Madame Vervier's. She had seen her mother, before the eyes of her English friend, involve herself in a web of implicit falsehood. How false was Madame Vervier's web Alix could not know; but she had known enough to feel ashamed before him: not, Giles knew, because Maman lied, but because she had need of lies. She herself had also lied. Giles, on their journey, had seen Toppie's photograph in her dressing case. She had lied because she wished to remove Toppie, as well as herself, from even an indirect intimacy with André de Valenbois. It was as though some deep instinct warned her against him. And though Giles again deplored her readiness, he could not feel that he regretted it.

Chapter VIII

Madame Vervier did not come down to breakfast next morning. Giles had

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heard a murmur of voices in the room next his till late into the night and he saw from Alix's eyes that she had slept little. In Maman's place she poured out coffee, heavy-eyed, but still adequate.

With Blanche Fontaine and André, Giles and Alix spent part of the morning in fishing for *équilles*, returning to find Madame Vervier on the verandah, engaged in embroidering. Monsieur de Maubert was beside her, and Giles felt sure, from the moment he set eyes on them, that Monsieur de Maubert had by now fully repeated to her the conversation of yesterday.

Her eyes met his with the bland serenity of a statue's. "Have you had a good *pêche?*" she asked Alix. She took her by the hand and drew her to her side, looking down into the bucket. "Admirable! Albertine will be overjoyed."

Monsieur de Maubert had got up and gone inside, and Mademoiselle Blanche had parted from them at the cliff-top.

"I will sit here in the shade with you and rest, *chère Madame*," said André, casting himself into Monsieur de Maubert's vacated garden chair.

"And you, *ma petite*," said Madame Vervier, still holding Alix by the hand, "may, if you wish, and if Monsieur Giles will accompany you, bathe now. You will have time before lunch."

"I should like that very much. But I do not need anyone. It is quite safe," said Alix, with a curious lassitude in her tone.

"But indeed you may not go alone," smiled Madame Vervier.

"And I should love a swim," said Giles. So, presently, he and Alix were on the beach again.

But when they came to the rock where, with safety, the bathing-robes might be deposited, Alix instead of doffing hers, sat down. He sat down beside her.

"I had to tell Maman last night, Giles," said Alix. She looked straight before her, wrapped to her chin in the white folds of her robe.

"Ah yes," said Giles, as quietly as he was able. "I thought perhaps you'd feel it best."

Alix, her dark brows slightly knotted, looked before her. "And I think she sent me here with you so that I should tell you," she went on. "Tell you, I mean, that she believed what she said last night about Captain Owen and Toppie. That Toppie was first with him. Not until I told her of his silence to you all, did she see, — what you and I saw, Giles: that he cared most for her."

Giles sat, struck to an icy caution. Yes, he saw it in a flash, that was how she would put it to Alix. He could find no word. But Alix expected none. Carefully she continued. "It made her cry. But she was not angry with me for having kept it from her. She understood."

"And was she angry with him?"

Alix at that turned her eyes upon him and he read in them a deep perplexity. "I do not know," she said. "She did not say. I do not think she was angry with him either. She is a person who understands everything. But I do not think she would have been so unhappy if it had not hurt her. Why else should she cry?"

Why indeed? Was it for her unveiling before himself? How difficult to think it after the blank gaze of those dark eyes. Was it not, rather, in fear and grief at seeing her child entangled, at last, in her vicissitudes?

"Well, I'm glad it's all out," Giles murmured. "It makes everything simpler, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" said Alix.

When she asked that, he was aware that part of his thought had been that it made it simpler in regard to Alix herself and what he hoped to do for her. But was he really so sure of that? Would Madame Vervier be more willing to let them have Alix now that she saw all her vicissitudes disclosed to him?

"I hope she'll have a talk with me," he said.

"She is going to talk with you, Giles," said Alix. She still spoke with her lassitude. "I do not know when. But you please her. Very much."

"Oh, do I?" Giles murmured. If it hadn't been his dear little Alix he could hardly have kept the irony from his voice.

When they all met again at lunch, over the marigolds, it seemed to Giles that Madame Vervier looked at him with a new kindliness. She seemed to take it for granted that from his little interview with Alix there must have come a gain for their relation.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

Farming and Chemistry

A chemical engineer of California sends us the following letter which is pertinent to the agricultural discussion in the April issue:

Editor of THE FORUM:

The farming industry's largest lesson to learn is efficiency. There is no industry outside that of agriculture, that could exist as inefficiently operated as the farming industry of today.

A farmer works his soil, sows and harvests his crops, and still he only gathers a fraction of the product the soil, the sun, the rain, and his own efforts have produced. This condition was perhaps legitimate a hundred years ago, before the sciences had reached any degree of intelligent development, but today the farmer needs more than all else combined a full realization of the fact that his industry is a scientific one, and essentially chemical, and should be treated accordingly.

The ultimate aim of most crops grown today is to produce human food, and in harvesting the fraction of the crop that is fit for this purpose, the secondary materials, the bulk, are discarded, though they contain in themselves possibilities of untold chemical by-products.

The wheat farmer burns his straw in the field, forgetting that the cellulose contained in the straw, produced during the ninety growing days, carries the potential paper-stock of the country, whereas today paper is produced from timber as old in years as the straw is in days. The same straw may yield other chemical by-products of commercial value, and even some of the kind that might supply the tractor and the automobile on the farm with the needed fuel.

Again the fruit growers all over the country let hundreds of thousands of tons of fruit annually lie on the ground to rot, since the markets will only take a standard sized fruit, and the grower forgets or is ignorant of the fact that this same fruit, that now goes to waste, contains the very essence, the most richly endowed part of all the products manufactured in nature's laboratory.

All the remedies offered the farmer in legislative and financial ways, are futile and only temporary palliatives, as long as the industry discards the major part of its products, while only skimming the top layer of the cream.

The agricultural industry should avail itself to the fullest of the possibilities bound up in the coördinated sciences, and these only can place it in a position where revenues can be culled from every pound of produce grown off the soil, in the shape of chemical farm by-products. The agricultural industry in availing itself of the sciences, would then rapidly be reaching a position similar to that of the packing house industry of today, where nothing is overlooked in the shape of by-products, but the proverbial squeal.

It should not be a vision in a too distant future that coöperative paper mills will be erected adjacent to the coöperative wheat elevators of today, and that chemica

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plants will be seen next to the fruit warehouses, where the orchard products will be changed into valuable chemicals.

And not until the farmer has encouraged and sought the assistance available to him from scientific research, and gained profit from the by-products thus derived, will the farming industry be permanently helped by legislative acts.

J. W. Beckman.

Oakland, Calif.

Truth About Indians

Apropos the March Debate:

Editor of The Forum:

Mrs. Seymour gives the Indian Bureau an incredibly clean bill of health. She glides over such indications of dangerous inefficiency as the fact that, while we scrupulously protect the country from trachoma at our ports, we lightly permit inland its wholesale and infectious continuance among the Indians.

As to the Pueblo land problem, Mrs. Seymour, not having noticed Fall's crooked finger in the defunct Bursum Indian Bill, appears a little muddled; but so, on the other hand, does Mrs. Austin, who has been lending her name through the Federation of Women's Clubs and the Indian Defense Association, to virulent public and private attacks on such of us as have tried to amend the so-called Lenroot Substitute into a bill justly settling the difficult situation in New Mexico. The Indian Defense Association's belated endorsement of our measure, does not absolve its members from warranting Mrs. Seymour's scorn for sentimentalists. Its recent hectic appeal for funds on the plea that the Pueblos are now starving, is further evidence that misguided friends of the Indians can resort to statements as inexact as some of Mr. Fall's. The Pueblos, though by no means affluent, are no longer starving, and the public deserves better than to be misled. Other Indian Associations fortunately have kept their heads and have stood throughout for a proper and speedy adjustment of the Pueblo land and water problem on a basis of truth and equity. Toward this end they still endorse the amended Lenroot Substitute, now known as Senate Bill No. 726.

As to Indian culture, I agree, on the whole, with Mrs. Austin's position that we need not be so cock-sure of our own ways as to interfere heavy-handedly with an Indian's ways. We might learn a good deal from his religion and its effect on his conduct, as compared with prevalent and notorious evidences of Christian citizenship. It might even do us good to dance now and then before the Lord instead of worshipping Him from our fatted pews.

Very truly yours,

Witter Bynner.

Santa Fe, N. M.

Moving the Sea Base

The Forum's *recent discussion of the transportation problem has evoked a practical suggestion from the Assistant Executive Director of the Great Lakes — St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, who writes as follows:*

There is a national transportation problem in which the rehabilitation of the railroads is a subordinate clause; the development of waterways is a subordinate clause; coördination of railway and highway transport is a subordinate clause; the recomposition of railway systems is a subordinate clause. The use of each arm of transportation in its highest economy and the planning of the system as a whole embracing all arms is the true problem.

To illustrate: railroads are trying to haul the bulk products of a continent across the greater breadth of the continent to the seaboard. From a large section of the Northwest they parallel an unused marine highway, that of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, — busy in each of its sections, scarcely functioning as a whole. To connect those sections which is the gist of the St. Lawrence project, to turn that frustrated route into a great avenue of commerce, will not only serve the prime purpose of giving to the deep interior an outlet now denied to it, but will confer upon the railroads west of the Great Lakes the incidental benefit of populating the territory they serve now sparsely settled, and benefiting their revenues now insufficiently nourished.

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Moving the sea base to the terminals of these western roads will give them opportunity to function thriftily. That is a first class illustration and perhaps the best illustration of an economic principle that strengthening one arm of transportation will reinvigorate other members of our continental system of communications.

JOHN S. PARDEE.

Duluth, Minn.

Making War Impossible

Among belated letters anent our January debate on the Outlawry of War is a communication from the Editor of "The German-American World," vigorous in phrase and conviction, of which a short extract reads as follows:

Editor of THE FORUM:

So long as the world suffers half a dozen politicians, resting their privilege on the support of international bankers, exploiters, oil syndicates, lot-jumpers, and the world associated press, to decide the question of war or peace by secret understandings, you may hurl the curse of Rome, the Presbyterian Church and of civilization at the head of the system without creating more than a hollow reverberation.

The very first practical step toward stopping wars is to clip the wings of those to whom war is a source of profit — by a universal law enabling the people to vote yes or no on the question, barring invasions. Take out of the hands of the politicians and diplomatic stool-pigeons of the Big Interests the power of making war unavoidable and allow the people to decide whether they wish to risk their necks and their savings in a war, and the first material progress toward reducing war to a minimum will have been made.

FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

New York City.

Strindberg and Dogs

Editor of THE FORUM:

In her delightful essay called "The Idolatrous Dog" in the February number of your magazine, Miss Agnes Repplier says: "Goethe, indeed, and Alfred de Musset detested all dogs, and said so composedly." Another great man of letters who detested all dogs and said so repeatedly, with varying degrees of composure, was August Strindberg.

JOANNA BROOKS.

North Adams, Mass.

Steinmetz

Miss Hun's tribute to Steinmetz in the February issue met with such sympathetic response that we have obtained permission to quote a poem by Lucia Oliviere, published in "The New York Times," which is strikingly in keeping with it:

We, whom he daily walked among,
Wondered that godlike head and majesty of brow
Were bound so meanly in the flesh.
But he, supreme in soul, disdained complaint.
Serene he lived, his only thought
To probe the wonders of God's universe,
Himself the greatest wonder of it all.
Yet he, who hurled the thunder bolts
And flashed his lightnings forth,
Could not divine the human destiny
Or pierce the pall of death.
Smiling he walked among the hyacinths
Whose flowerets fringed his garden path
And often lingered in that room
Where strange fantastic cacti grew —
With rapture watched their thorny stalks
Burst into gorgeous flower
Strange symbol of that master mind
Towering above ignoble flesh.
But much he toiled, dreaming the while
That mankind yet would rise to heights
His soul could vision.
His great heart loved all things,
But mankind most of all.
All titles, class conditions, baubles
That men love, to him were naught,
He was Steinmetz — that was enough,
The peer of kings and gods.
He passed in morning hour we know not where
To work with whom — perchance with God!

More About Spirits

The interest aroused by THE FORUM'S *debate on spirit communication has encouraged the editors to include further articles on the subject which will be published in future issues. Many letters were received too late for inclusion in the symposium. The following are of interest:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Psychic research seems to me the most important, the most fascinating, and the most hazardous field of exploration which man has yet attempted. Its importance is obvious, and can scarcely be exaggerated. If, through this means, existence after death could be demonstrated as a fact,

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and the way made plain by which this present life and the next might be brought into harmony, it would revolutionize — or *evolutionize* — the world.

Of its fascination I can speak from experience, and this very fascination is perhaps one of its greatest drawbacks. It attracts the light-minded, the emotional, the erratic, for whom it holds a new thrill, cheaply to be acquired. Ill equipped for a field of inquiry wherein angels might fear to tread, their ventures can but retard the discovery of precious truths for which the heart of humanity is eagerly longing.

Its danger, in my opinion, is chiefly to one's mental integrity. The man who can carry on this work without being swept off his feet by unreasoning over-credulity, or else assuming the intellectually dishonest attitude of determined unbelief, is rare indeed. The oftmentioned "will to believe" jumbles fact, foolishness and fraud into a useless mass from which the truth is practically inextricable. The *will to disbelieve* shuts the door in disgust upon it all, without even a fair examination of the facts that have been painstakingly collected.

Between these two equally potent enemies of truth stands the small body of trained, scientific researchers with open, impartial mind. If to these we would entrust our means, our enthusiasm, our disinterested assistance, and let them be our pathfinders, another generation might see this world of warring creeds welded into one mighty brotherhood by the *certain knowledge* of a life to come.

MARY LOUISE INMAN.

New York City.

From the Director of the American-Swedish News Exchange:

During the past few years I have found many opportunities to investigate cases of alleged spirit communication in this country and in Europe, and I am bound to state frankly that in at least ninety per cent of these cases I have come across nothing in the way of conclusive evidence. But, in a few instances I must say that I have found what is to me definite evidence of actual communication between incarnate and discarnate minds. The contents of these communications has mostly been of a strictly personal nature and therefore of value as evidence to myself only. To be honest I must therefore personally believe in these manifestations, but I wish to add that I have never been able to fully convince even my best friends, and I know of no case where anyone has arrived at a personal conviction in these matters by secondhand evidence, — personal experience is the only thing that counts. I cannot forego to bring up a few points that may be well-known to most of your readers but that should at least make non-believers take this problem seriously:

Telepathy, that is, wordless thought transference between two carnate minds, now seems to be a proved fact. Most of us believe in the continued existence of the human soul or mind, divested of its fleshly garb and therefore most probably spiritually intensified. Why then should mental telegraphy between a discarnate and an incarnate mind, correctly tuned, not be logically possible or even probable?

It cannot be denied that the Bible records numerous instances of communing between the spheres of the living and the dead. Why should those who base their religious convictions on the Bible inconsistently refute those instances while accepting others?

Some of the keenest minds trained in scientific analysis have, after long and careful investigation, pronounced spirit communications to be a fact. This should at least make us think twice before flatly denying the possibility of these phenomena.

Permit me to express my gratification that you have taken up this engrossing subject for discussion in your splendid magazine, as this will no doubt contribute materially in throwing more light on this phase of psychic science within which the present generation will undoubtedly live to see some very startling revelations.

BÖRJE H. BRILIOTH.

New York City.

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Lenin—Scourge or Prophet?

A Symposium

Summarizing or quoting many divergent opinions on this subject which was debated by Anna Louise Strong and Pitirim Sorokin in the April issue of The Forum

Napoleon, Bismarck, Nero, Caligula, Alexander the Great, Attila, Marat, Lincoln, Christ, and Satan,—to all these figures Lenin has been compared by the Editor's correspondents. Any man who can evoke passionate eulogy from one class of political thinkers and unbridled denunciation from another must be a great man, according to some definition of greatness. "By merit raised to that bad eminence," suggests a representative of the former class, quoting Milton's tribute to Satan; "one of the noblest of martyrs," declares a representative of the other class.

The average American observer of world events who has not visited Russia during the last few years, listening to the conflicting choruses, takes the attitude average people must always take, that the truth lies somewhere between the two exuberant estimates. Walt Mason, archtype of the average American, expresses this attitude in the following doggerel: "And now that Lenin's in his grave, I ask these questions quaint: Was he a hero or a knave, a satyr or a saint? The human puzzle lies asleep; so strange is his renown, I know not whether I should weep or kick his headstone down." And he concludes, as most of the Editor's correspondents conclude, that we must leave the verdict to history: "We'll have to see dark Russia rise, or sink to lower deeps, before we call this Lenin wise, or damn his name for keeps."

Perhaps it is natural that those who condemn Lenin should be more vocal and more prompt to respond to The Forum's debate than those who believe in him, for it is easier to point a finger at a man's shortcomings than at his virtues; the shortcomings are usually more obvious. In Lenin's case they were for a time almost the only facts visible to outsiders; the havoc surrounding his régime was patent enough, and only his well-wishers could see the idealistic goal toward which his policies were heading. Not only that, but Lenin himself, after trying out his Marxian theories, seemed to have admitted his failure, and his opponents lost no time in seizing upon his compromises as evidence that his system was rotten at the core.

An impartial observer cannot but feel that these opponents have not quite proved their case. No one can say for sure that there would have been less chaos, less suffering, and less slaughter in Russia if some man other than Lenin, with some system of government other than the Soviet experiment had been in charge of the political fortunes of the Russian people directly after the Revolution. The reign of terror following the French Revolution still makes us shudder, yet in many respects the situation in the France of that day seems to have been simpler than the situation in Russia at the close of the Czaristic régime. No statesman in history could have taken up the responsibilities that Lenin shouldered and come through with a perfect record.

On the other hand there are many who believe that no end, however noble, justifies the arbitrary and cruel autocracy that is associated with Lenin's rule, whether he was personally accountable for the crimes and injustices of the last few years or not. The opinions which we quote below are selected from scores of letters received by the Editor. If the denunciations seem to outweigh the praise, it is simply because we have selected opinions in accordance with the proportion of pros and cons in the letters submitted. As in the debate between Professor Sorokin and Dr. Strong, we present the indictment first.

The King Bacillus

The most scathing letter is written by Miss Isabel Florence Hapgood, who lived for many years in Russia under the Imperial régime. It is worth quoting in full:

"May I say a few words about the hysterical defence and exaltation of Lenin, which have risen to a piercing

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shriek since his recent death,—unlamented save by those whose material interests it affects, or those who are being shrewdly manipulated by the Soviet Government?

"I was in Russia when Lenin arrived there, in the spring of 1917. The Russian press and people had a great deal to say on that subject: but the remark of a Petrograd newspaper which, for all time, has earned the blue ribbon, was this: 'The Germans tried to import the bacilli of glanders into Russia in sealed tubes. Now they have imported Lenin in a sealed car.'

"As is well known, glanders mows down, impartially, both man and beast, infects everything it touches. The simile was appropriate, as any fair-minded person will admit, when he considers the prompt, wholesale ruin effected by the Bolsheviki as soon as they caught the infection from Lenin, the Grand Panjandrum Bacillus.

"When Lenin emerged from that sealed-car-tube, removed his personal cork and began sowing, broadcast, his death-dealing germs, all Russians possessed of a minimum of intelligence recognized the danger, knowing the emotional quality of their masses, in particular, and their utter unpreparedness to govern themselves, and protested vigorously. They remonstrated with the Provisional Government for not throwing the king-bacillus into the backyard whence he had come; or, at the very least, not replacing the cork and tamping it in. But the Provisional Government, afraid of its own shadow, wholly dominated,—though not presided over,—by the double-faced Kerensky, that abject slave of the greed-mad, power-mad, ruthless conspirators, made feeble reply: 'It is better to let him get it off his chest, and simmer down. It is always better to help a fever run through its eruptive stage, than to make it strike in.'

"This was a devilishly crafty, a diplomatic way of excusing the dissemination of incitement to murder, rape, robbery, sedition, treason and all the rest, under the conveniently plausible pseudonym of 'free speech' and 'liberty,' which should, rightly, have been labeled 'licence.'

"As a matter of course, the eruption imparted the fever, wholesale. The unfortunate patient, Russia, is dead to the world, save as a focus of contagion, for years to come. The rest of the world should take warning, and distinguish, drastically and with the utmost precision, between 'liberty' and 'licence' in the matter of speech, printed propaganda, and deeds, in particular, these United States,—unless they wish to be dragged down into the fathomless depths of that same Hell,—The cellar-under-the-bottomless-pit, as Barham felicitously phrases it,—into which Lenin and his gang have hurled once-mighty Russia. I would suggest, as a theme for Lenten meditation and preaching, in all nations, that truthful and pregnant saying: 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make blind.'

"I have been interested in Russia, studying Russia, her language, history, customs, and people, for over forty years. I have lived there, not only during that last, death-bed winter, 1916–17, but long before that in the olden days, when Russia was Russia, not a mere mining-claim staked out by aliens; and it is my well-based opinion that any country which sympathizes with or recognizes the Russia of today,—ruled by usurpers of the people's prerogatives,—which is the fruit of Lenin's crazed, ambition-mad brain, is a traitor to civilization and to humanity, beginning with its own people. Such a nation deserves to reap the harvest lavishly sown by the double-headed monster, now openly acknowledged to be in control of State and International, and proclaimed more brazenly than ever, in recent days, to their flabby-minded or venial victims, who call themselves 'statesmen', in divers lands. Those 'statesmen' ought to feel startled, though hardly surprised, at the interpretation the present despots of unhappy Russia put on the words 'truth,' 'promises,' and 'word of honor.'

"In incessant streams have appeared the machine-made, calliope-blatant laudations and 'defences' of assorted persons, men and women, who have spent a fortnight,—perhaps, in a few cases, somewhat more,—in Russia: always under the solicitous, invisible, but potent guidance of their fairy godmother, the Soviet. Most of them know no word of the Russian language,—or, at best, a bare smattering, like 'samovar,'—no scrap of Russian history, save, possibly, 'Peter the Great' and one of his dates, so to speak. They

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emerge thence wise in their own conceit, fitted, — in their own estimation, — to act as uninvited tutors to the universe. But no one can possibly judge of present-day Russia who has not known, and known well, the Russia of former days. These persons assure us, with staggering finality, that Lenin is the greatest man of our time, or of any time; that he is mourned with all the reverence accorded to a prophet or a Messiah, — thus confusing fame with notoriety, a not unusual trick of semi-minds. They blink the fact that our own United States has known an army of imitation 'greatest men'; of 'eternal memories' which did not survive even one generation; of fake Messiahs and prophets. St. Paul found that all the Athenians and strangers spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing. Mass-psychology rules the hen-minded (or sheep-minded) of all nations, in pretty much the same manner and degree, — not to mention the carefully-studied and promoted aids to Lenin's 'greatness,' alive or dead, put in operation by the reigning (yes, I deliberately mean 'reigning' not mere 'ruling') to bolster up their own power and cloak their reënforced plots against humanity under the specious guise of worship of a man who can no longer interfere, by his tenacity and ruthlessness, either for help or harm, with their machinations. Pumping up flat tires is a sufficiently commonplace, everyday operation, and requires no detailed description here.

"These would-be instructors of the universe also assure us that Lenin, far from creating chaos in Russia swept away the chaos of the débris he found on hand, raised the existing, small-scale 'soviets' (councils) of the peasants to a structure of national grandeur, and so forth, besides establishing a superior economic and industrial system, freeing the country from wars, and anything else which their fancy happens to suggest to them, — or the Soviet suggests to them, — as desirable. Well — Lenin found the MIR, the peasant council, elected by universal suffrage, of both men and women, in all the villages of the Empire, as he found the tremendously successful coöperative societies. He raised those practical, well-balanced MIRS into a tyrannous organization, obtained by strictly limited, bulldozed, packed elections, founded on discrimination in food and favors to the naked and the starving, in the name of 'Liberty,' forsooth; and then claimed the credit of having invented universal, genuine elections! The coöperatives, which had thriven for years, unconscious of Lenin's existence, withered and died at his blasting touch. Then he resurrected them, and instead of admitting that it was merely a resurrection, he claimed that he was their creator.

"No, Lenin, — or the small, compact body in power, — represented, and represents, an autocracy more arbitrary, more complete than the world has ever beheld, which the autocracy of all the Tzars of Russia concentrated into a Liebig's extract of 'Tzarism' could never hope to equal; it is just one colossal, earth-crushing Moloch, from heathen times.

"What prompts people to rush into print with such laudations of Lenin and the Soviet? Well, — to express it in general terms, — they may fall under one of three Capital Heads: (1) They are mentally incompetent. (2) They are mentally dishonest. (3) They are 'Bought and Paid For.' Or under all three. Or, they may be so blinded that they really think they are becoming permanently 'immortal' themselves, by yoking up their little cart to some temporary big dazzle of an 'immortal', that flits across the sky, and crashes to earth cold, extinguished, useless, after bringing about irreparable devastation, woe, and suffering.

"Lenin 'the greatest man of our time?' Yes, in the same sense that Milton conceded that distinction to Satan, in *Paradise Lost:* 'By merit raised to that bad eminence.'"

Liberty Without Wisdom

Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves writes from Washington a restrained and fair-minded letter in which he makes the point that however good Lenin may have been, in the sense that he was said to be kind-hearted, a hater of bloodshed, and a model husband and father, he can scarcely be entirely absolved from the consequences of a policy of liberty without wisdom. "That he was wise in letting loose the unrestrained forces of ignorance and hatred that made for the tragedy

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of Ekaterinberg, and turned into a shambles the streets of Petrograd and Moscow and the highways of Russia cannot be admitted even if it be true that the end justifies the means."

"Lenin must be held responsible for the whole Bolshevist program, as there is no evidence that he disapproved any part of it," writes General William Crozier. "The credit due him for the establishment of government where none existed is obliterated by his ferocious use of the power thus obtained to impose a blighting error upon his country; and the dark hue of his character as a scourge of Russia is not lightened by the fact that even many of his dupes have not yet learned that his cruel enforcement of economic heresies is not mitigated or excused by any merit of these doctrines."

Professor Robert B. English, of Washington and Jefferson College, admits that some clearing away had to be done in Russia before a constructive program of statecraft could be formed, but believes that "the drastic destruction wrought by Lenin cannot pass under this category. Lenin's work is bearing no constructive fruit, unless one may gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles." This opinion that the breakdown of the communistic experiment left Russia worse off than she was before is echoed by the Rev. Joseph M. M. Gray of Scranton, Pa., who says, "To have thus exhibited, on so broad a field of trial, the same breakdown of communism as has hitherto been displayed in all the more limited experiments, is to have wrought a service of enlightenment for which society must always be grateful, while always regretting the hideous cost the demonstration involved." Similar opinions are expressed by Mr. Frederick Burr Opper, creator of the immortal Happy Hooligan; by Professor E. H. Vickers, of the West Virginia University, who compares Lenin's excursion into Bolshevism to Napoleon's march to Moscow and subsequent "strategic retreat"; by Mr. John C. Trautwine Jr., the Philadelphia engineer; and Mr. Hazen J. Burton, manufacturer of Minneapolis, who speak of Lenin as a blunderer; and by Dr. George C. Pardee, of Oakland, California, who says, "He would out-Tapley Mark Tapley who can believe that mankind, forgetting so soon the French Revolution, will learn much from Lenin's terrible failures."

Others who seem to share this opinion are Mr. G. F. Rinehart, editor of the "Covina Citizen," Covina, California; Professor Benjamin H. Hibbard of the University of Wisconsin; Professor Kenneth McKenzie of the University of Illinois; Dr. W. O. Carver, theologian of Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. William A. Boring, the New York architect; Professor Arthur L. Foley, of Indiana University; Professor Arthur L. Wolfe of Park College, Parkville, Missouri; The Rev. Russell Cecil, of Richmond, Va; Mr. Josiah E. Spurr, editor of "Engineering and Mining Journal-Press;" Dr. C. Henri Leonard of Detroit; Mr. Thomas H. Peeples, lawyer of Columbia, S. C.; Dean Theo. P. Campbell of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute; Mr. W. W. Wheeler of Miami; Mr. Herbert A. Howe, Director of the Chamberlin Observatory, Denver; and Dr. George F. Herrick, missionary, of New York.

Nero Out-Nero'd

"If any man ever out-Nero'd Nero, Lenin was the man," comments Mr. David E. Thompson, former Ambassador to Mexico. He was "an incredibly sinister figure, an arch-enemy of civilization," says Judge Henry W. Holt of Staunton, Va. And a lack of sufficiently strong language, or the censorship of the United States postal service, restrain the opinions of Mr. G. F. Scotson-Clarke, of the Century Company and Judge O. M. Barber of Washington. Among those who withhold final judgment for lack of first-hand knowledge are Mr. George Haven Putnam, the publisher; Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury, of the Boston University Law School; Professor Le Roy D. Weld, of Coe College, Cedar Rapids; President W. J. McGlothlin of Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; Mr. Claude M. Fuess, author and educator, of Andover, Mass; and a score of other correspondents.

Irony is seen in the situation by Mr. John Luther Long, the author of *Madam Butterfly*, who writes, "He who at a stroke cancelled all of Russia's foreign debt, declaring that no debtor was bound to pay, yet went a-begging for foreign loans. He who based his State upon the destruction of capital sought it diligently abroad

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after he had destroyed it at home, and anathematized those who exacted collateral. Humanity is, after all, a strange thing, — especially Russian humanity. Men whom Lenin had hurt, crippled, — in one way or another, — by the destruction of their substance, by the destruction of their people, crawl to his bier and sob!" Even more grimly ironic is the comment of Mr. Easton Shaw, of Nutley, N. J., who writes: "In recounting one of the Roman expeditions into Germany, Tacitus, referring to the claimed establishment of government, says, 'they made a solitude and called it peace.' Lenin made a physical and moral graveyard of Russia and dubbed it political and social resurrection. He had nevertheless his admirable traits, — he banished the so-called 'intellectuals' of Russia. There is room for that kind of Lenin in other lands, but they are not usually considered as universal saviours of oppressed humanity."

Mr. Ford Ashman Carpenter, Consulting Meteorologist of Los Angeles, questions the competency of either Professor Sorokin or Dr. Strong to present an unprejudiced estimate of Lenin, and Professor Preston Slosson of the University of Michigan, after pointing out the mixture of good and bad that existed in the character of Lenin, as in that of all tyrants, concludes: "If Kerensky had mingled more iron with his gentleness, if Lenin had championed liberalism instead of tyranny, or if the Russians had had the sense to rally around the Constituent Assembly," the constitutional liberties of the Russian people might have been saved out of the catastrophe.

A middle ground is taken by many commentators who feel that while Lenin failed to achieve his Marxian Utopia, he was not nearly so bad as he has been painted. "Too many persons are apt to forget that Washington himself was accused of being a Dictator after the end of the Revolutionary War, and that chaos reigned also in this country for seven or eight years after that conflict had terminated," writes Mr. Leonard Liebling, Editor in Chief of "Musical Courier." And Mr. George W. Ochs Oakes, editor of "Current History," points out that Lenin's forceful personality, intellectual ability, and genius for leadership saved Russia from Romanoff tyranny. "Whether Lenin could have achieved the permanency of the Revolution by milder methods, with less effusion of blood, and less cruel tyranny, is a question which no one can answer definitely and will prove as fruitful a source of controversy as the age-long question whether the Republic of France might have found birth without the terror of Danton, Robespierre, and Marat."

In Praise of Lenin

The other and brighter side of the picture can best be given by quoting in full the letter of a representative admirer of Lenin's genius. Mr. Harry E. Barnes, author of many volumes on historical and sociological subjects, writes as follows:

"While one's estimate of the place of Lenin in modern history must necessarily be tentative pending the nature of the future developments in the interesting economic, social, and political experiment which he initiated and directed, one may be justified in risking a preliminary estimate. Few will be likely to deny that the old régime in Russia was hopeless and doomed. The two alternatives were reform from above down or improvement from the bottom up. I believe that most thoughtful persons would hold that it would have been better for the wise and experienced leaders of the middle class to have engineered these changes, but many fail to recognize that this class was too weak numerically to achieve any such result. Their rule would have constituted a much narrower and limited autocracy than the Bolshevik dominion.

"The most numerous of the lower classes were the peasants, but they possessed far less resourcefulness, initiative, and adaptability than the urban workers who constituted the bulk of Lenin's followers. Granting that his party was the only one which was even passably adapted to executing the project of reconstructing Russian society, it is difficult to imagine a more capable leader than Lenin proved to be. He appears to have possessed a courageous and truly experimental mind.

"Believing in Marxian socialism he pushed this plan as far as it would go, and then gradually retreated in the face of defeat in certain specific details. He was willing to experiment and profit by the experience. His realism, flexibility, and

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resourcefulness are the chief characteristics which place him far ahead of Wilson as a contemporary statesman. Whatever one many think of his philosophy or practical methods of statesmanship, there can be no doubt of his unselfishness and devotion to what he conceived to be the public good. Few of his worst enemies have accused him of lusting after headlines, the spot-light, or personal enrichment.

"While I personally distrust egalitarian socialism as much as Bismarckian autocracy, it is my tentative opinion that fair-minded historians are likely to rank Lenin as the greatest statesman in Europe since Bismarck. Perhaps the most interesting fact about the Bolshevik experiment is that the effort to prove the adequacy and efficacy of economic, social, and political democracy has offered one of the best confirmations of the necessity of a vigorous control by an able, alert, and concerted minority if any striking and significant results are to be achieved. In the matter of international relations Lenin was probably far more progressive and constructive than Wilson.

"Defective in the rhetoric of the gospel of internationalism, he consistently practised it in his dealings with every country which showed a decent sense of coöperation and fair-play. At the same time, he had a sufficient sense of realism to recognize the insanity of laying down arms in the arena of hate and force which Poincaré and Lloyd-George have constructed out of the post-war Europe."

Credit should be given to Lenin as an innovator in politics, thinks Miss Jeannette Marks, head of the English Department at Mount Holyoke College. "Once upon a time much brilliant dialectic went to proving that the earth was flat. Much brilliant dialectic has been spent in proving that Lenin was a degenerate and a dangerous leader. There is always danger in adventure, especially political. But can the experimental spirit be called degenerate? If we follow the experimental method in science, why should it not be followed in government?"

"While not a supporter of communism," writes Miss Ruth Mary Weeks, of the English Department of Kansas City Junior College, "I cannot but feel that Lenin has stabilized and unified Russia, protected her from foreign interference, saved her from both her Napoleons and her Bourbons, and brought her to the point where, by a gradual liberalizing of the popular mind and a gradual moderation of Bolshevist views, Russia may pass directly into a political democracy which will render possible an ultimate solution of her problems. He has apparently done this in spite of his original theories and by sheer personal genius for government."

Anna Garlin Spencer, who forty years ago was an active member of "The American Friends of Russian Freedom," thinks it absurd to fasten upon any one man the blame for the chaos, famine, and disease that came in the wake of revolution, and she looks upon Lenin as a great man, true to his own class loyalty. "Had it not been for the horrible despotism of the Czaristic government," she adds, "the leadership in Russia's hour of upheaval would have been where of right it belonged, and where it yet must be, — in the hands of those who serve all the people, not one class alone."

A Constructive Genius

Briand, Lloyd George, Nitti, Rathenau, and Wilson were rejected and their aims repudiated, points out Mr. J. R. Stafford, author, of Colorado Springs. "Compared with his contemporaries Lenin was not the only constructive political genius of his time; but he was certainly the only one actually to succeed."

"The mistakes of Lenin will fall as chaff before the wind and as time goes on only the good will survive," believes Mr. Jens Jensen, landscape architect, of Chicago. "And some good there must be or he would never have been worshipped by the masses, of whom he was a part and to whom he was true to the last. The old guard of the Empire will forever denounce Lenin as a traitor and murderer, but the peasant and worker will carry him in their hearts as the great Angel of Liberty, and to the latter belongs the tomorrow."

"From the beginning to the end of his career he was recognized by those who knew him best as incorruptible, unflinching, undeviating, — a menace to the old order and the best hope of the new," says Mr. W. E. Davenport, author, and Secretary of the Italian Settlement, Brooklyn. "The feeling of the Russian

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people, justly based on their recognition of the fact of Lenin's character as a decisive force in the creation of the régime under which they now live, is a better monument to his memory and a greater tribute to his personality than any imaginable effigy graven by art or man's device."

"He may have done wrong in many instances, but he left an experiment that will be studied for centuries," believes the Rev. Peter Ainslie, of Christian Temple, Baltimore, an opinion which seems to be shared by Miss Mary W. Calkins, Professor of Psychology at Wellesley, and Mr. Edgar L. Heermance, the author of *Chaos or Cosmos*.

"When the history of our time comes to be written impartially," writes the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, of the Community Church, New York, "it will be seen that Lenin was a constructive influence, a creative genius of the first order. The brain that conceived the Soviet régime, the hand that guided the new government through the raging waters of blockade, invasion, famine, disease, and a shattered civilization, the heart that held on steadfast in devotion to the emancipated common people, were all alike of a titanic order. He saved others, but himself he could not save. He toiled till he dropped, — gave himself till he had nothing more to give! One of the greatest statesmen of all time, he was as well one of the noblest of martyrs."

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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Books on Economics

ECONOMICS OF THE HOUR, by J. St. Loe Strachey (Putnam, $2.00).

ECONOMICS OF UNEMPLOYMENT, by J. A. Hobson (Macmillan, $1.50).

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY — *A Plan for Its Achievement*, by Glenn E. Plumb and William G. Roylance (Huebsch, $2.00).

POLITICS AND PROGRESS, by Ramsay Muir (Knopf, $1.75).

Mr. Strachey writes well from a literary point of view, and raises a number of questions that may look like problems to many laymen in economics; but he offers either no solutions at all or very illusory ones. His book may, however, be helpful in promoting thought and creating a desire for further light. It seems a pity that the author himself should attempt to teach others when his own equipment is apparently so slight.

Mr. Hobson on the other hand has evidently been quite painstaking in seeking solutions to economic problems, such as those suggested by Mr. Strachey. The "ca' canny" of the laborer is quite clearly matched by the employers in combinations to restrict output, as well as by their tendency to urge protective tariffs, and by trading classes generally in so far as they would promote imperialistic policies from a belief that their own markets are too narrow. This author clearly realizes that a proper balance between production and consumption must be attained if stability in commerce is to be effected; and, to secure this balance, savings must be neither greater nor smaller than are needed to replace capital or to provide for the due expansion of industry. He points out that, where there are wide inequalities in the distribution of incomes, the consumption or effective demand of the poorer laboring class falls off, that the power of saving remains only with the wealthy, and that the savings of the wealthy go for investment as capital, — this enlarged capital investment tending to produce consumable goods which the low wages of laborers no longer enable them to buy. Hence recurring periods of apparent over-production or under-consumption and consequent depression.

The author considers as remedies such measures as would tend to equalize wealth and incomes. As trade becomes ever less competitive and more monopolistic, by just so much are the arguments strengthened for an equitable public control of both wages and prices, and by such taxation as may prevent enormous accumula-

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tions of private wealth, — presumably graduated income, — and inheritance taxes among others. The author seems, perhaps not without reason, to ignore goblin-fears of surtaxes on great wealth rebounding on the people at large.

Mr. Plumb and his associate-author write in a somewhat more aggressive style than does Mr. Hobson, though their ideas on the underlying economics appear fairly in agreement. They disclaim Socialism, but enlarge upon the benefits of Democracy, and wish to see the Democratic principles of our American Declaration of Independence applied in Industry as in Politics. The book gives in rather full detail the enlargement of Mr. Plumb's earlier plan for a nationalized railroad system, so as to apply to corporate interests generally. Under this more extended plan, which has been approved by the American Federation of Labor, railroads and public utilities would become public property, and be run by representatives of the employees, both laborers and managers; and, in corporations, covering all other basic industries, the control would represent in fair proportion capital invested, labor, and management. Dividends and surplus would be equitably distributed, so that all parties, including consumers, would share in the benefits arising from increased efficiency. The authors show how such plans can be made to apply to transportation; the coal industry; marketing, both from the producers' and consumers' standpoints; banking, — already becoming coöperative in certain trade-union banks; and agriculture, where coöperation between farmers and consumers might prevent such anomalies as the farmer having to deliver a whole car-load of hides to pay the price of a single pair of shoes.

No one can honestly study these plans without seeing that they point the way to a very great and much-needed improvement in the present organization of industry.

Mr. Muir writes from the standpoint of a British Liberal. His ideals are high, and on international affairs quite altruistic, in comparison with those that have prevailed in Europe since the war. He also has plans for leveling down inequalities of wealth and opportunity; but his plans are not stated in any concrete form, except in regard to taxation, where he favors a limitation of fortunes that may be acquired by inheritance or legacy. Curiously enough, the author does not refer to the alternating cycles of apparent prosperity and depression that attract so much attention from economists.

Mr. Muir seems quite hostile to the Labor Party, but we suspect that really progressive measures, such as some of those he advocates, will require coöperation by both Liberals and Laborites to secure their becoming law.

WILLIAM R. TYMMS.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Dark South

The Ku Klux Klan, the mill village, the one crop tenant farming system, the prison system, — each dark phase, a vicious circle, into which life is drawn, whirled, sucked down! You see, you feel the horror. You are told how and why in DARKER PHASES OF THE SOUTH, by Frank Tannenbaum (Putnam, $2.00).

The Ku Klux Klan, "expresses a deep-rooted social habit . . . of ready violence in defense of a threatened social status." Education, industry, war have lifted the negro toward a new dynamic status. "K. K. K." would re-establish the past by nullifying through terror the influence of the present. . . . The white people are as much victims of the lynching as the poor negro who is burned. They are starved emotionally. . . The emotional eruption is dramatized and habituated to sustain itself by the feeling of self-esteem and power always derived from the imposition of cruelty upon other people.

This partly explains the prison system. Heavy chains; verminous bunks; cages; rotten, wormy food; slave labor; flogging; degradation keep the convict down and gratify power and self-esteem in those above.

What love of power deceives the mill-village owner? He owns the mills, houses, stores, schools, churches, almost the souls of the workers, from babyhood up: all exist for his mill.

The tenant farmer is the product of one crop — cotton or tobacco. Father, mother, children work for a pittance, inhabiting hovels without gardens on cowless, sow-

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less, henless farms. Pursued by debt, poverty, illiteracy, they drift from farm to farm, mere "hands" of a cotton or tobacco king.

These dark phases are described with insight and sympathy for both slaves and drivers, — all are slaves of mechanical whirls. Migration of negro labor north, foreign labor south, diversification of crops, — these offered solutions resemble re-groupings of inanimate atoms, without conscious, common purpose. Can society remain free with slave systems in its midst? Does United States mean a geographical name or unity in states of being?

GENEVIEVE A. COWLES.

New York City.

Musical Criticism

From every art are abstracted, sooner or later, the principles upon which, consciously or unconsciously, it is based, and by which alone it may be judged. So long as these principles are unknown, as they are in the case of something new, the only correct attitude is to refrain from judgment. Instead, critics confronted by the new, judge it by the standards of the old from which it departs, by which it is inevitably condemned. Thus most contemporary music is based upon new scales, new systems of chord-construction and progression, new principles of counterpart, new forms; but our critics listen to it with ears attuned to Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Strauss, and consequently find it unintelligible and absurd.

Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, however, in dealing with this music, claims to meet it on its own ground, to understand the principles by which it is constructed. Whether he actually does so only the composers can say, and they have not been heard from. But though one suspect Mr. Rosenfeld of more enthusiasm than discrimination, and an accommodating imagination, one recognizes in these evidence of a sympathetic attitude toward his subject; and this, though it is the first requisite of criticism, is so rare in the case of contemporary music that one would overlook twice Mr. Rosenfeld's extravagances and affectations.

For this reason alone, then, his books should be read, particularly by those who do not find in contemporary music anything worthy of interest or attention. But in addition MUSICAL CHRONICLE (Harcourt Brace, $3.00), unlike Mr. Rosenfeld's first book, contains a great deal of social criticism of music; and his remarks on programs, audiences, musicians, patronesses, and the general conditions under which music is performed and heard, are well worth the time spent in reading them. They only make articulate what most sophisticated lovers of music know, but for this very reason they are especially valuable, and in them Mr. Rosenfeld does his best work. Like most critics he is more convincing when he attacks than when he praises, and so, for example, his estimates of Stokowski, Bodanzky, and Damrosch, both as musicians and as personalities, are deadly in their accuracy.

B. H. HAGGIN.

New York City.

Gentlemen Robbers All!

There is magic in the phrase: "Stand and Deliver!" The modern prosaic "Hands up!" ranks far behind it, and when the old term is uttered by a masked gentleman six feet tall, lithe as a sapling, and clothed in top boots and a leather waistcoat, or a canary vest and a white frill, one might almost be reconciled to losing one's worldly goods. Mr. Charles Finger knows all this perfectly well; his HIGHWAYMEN (Robert M. McBride & Co.) are picturesque, dashing, bold, able to remain calm under the most trying circumstances, and filled to the tops of their reckless heads with wit and fire.

Yet how Mr. Finger must have laughed when he re-read the last episode in his captivating series. The reader has ridden with Dick Turpin on his mad ride to York, he has raced breathlessly after Jack Sheppard battering down door after door in his escape from Newgate, he has gulped with joy to see Jonathan Wild captured, and Blueskin — for a while — go free, and his delight at seeing Claude Duval scatter the King's gold among the villagers, quite without the King's knowledge, is boundless. The reader sighs: after all, the old days are over. Robbers are not so gallant now, or so handsome; there is something infinitely sordid about

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a plain hold-up in the subway. And that is where Mr. Finger begins to laugh, for his last tale, of Bill of Tierra del Fuego, happened within the last thirty-five years, and Bill is not a beguiling figure, yet when his exploits begin, no seventeenth-century thriller can keep pace with him. He may wear a woolen shirt and a pair of sad trousers, but his strength is as the strength of ten.

It is perhaps captious to find fault with these brave dwellers without the law, — it is impossible to quarrel with Mr. Finger for his descriptions of them, — but one realizes with pain that each one of them was finally betrayed by his one downright stupidity. Bill is the only exception, and even he allowed himself to be killed in the fight against the Boers. Vainglory, bravado, swagger, ignorance, — these are the poor wights who forced our gentlemen to bite the dust, who made them sneak or swank back to the scene of the crime or attempt impossible feats for trivial ends. If Mr. Finger was deducing a moral, which one doubts, it is plainly that a robber must employ modesty and discretion or he will almost certainly come to a bad end.

DOROTHY G. VAN DOREN.

New York City.

Great Russian Novel

It is a curious anomaly that despite the praise for all things Russian that assails us on every side, perhaps the greatest contemporary Russian novel has, except for a few brief notices, almost escaped the public eye. There are perhaps two reasons for this: first its great length, and secondly its bitter attack on what it considers the core of the Russian revolution, — the Jewish international. Yet FROM THE TWO-HEADED EAGLE TO THE RED FLAG, by General Krassnoff (Brentano. $10.00) will surely take its place beside the novels of Dostoevski and Tolstoi as a picture of Russia and Russian life of today. Beginning in 1894, the year in which the ill-fated Nicholas assumed imperial power, the story (divided into four volumes) brings us up to 1921. What a picture it shows! First the pomp and panoply of court and society circles, with its background of festering wrongs; then the period of war, when Russia stood side by side with the Allies, — the disintegration of the army by German and Jewish propaganda, followed by Bolshevism with all its horrors and, lastly, the pathetic attempts of the White Armies to regain their power.

Out of it all comes a clear mental picture of how the Revolution came about, of how a great country, by means of a few clever, insidious propagandists, who know exactly what they want and how to get it is turned overnight into a ghastly writhing chaos. Perhaps if those among us who anticipate business dealings with the Bolsheviks would read this book, they might hesitate before signing up with a bunch of murderers whose word means no more than their deeds.

R. T.

The Midlander

There is a pseudo literary cult which is unable to conceive of realism without morbidity, truthfulness without oppressiveness. To them Tarkington is merely an entertaining chronicler of adolescent callowness and well done stereotyped romance. A light touch, however, does not necessarily imply a light mind, and a novel may be serious without being portentous, lugubrious, and utterly tragic. Beyond the interest, cheerfulness, and occasional humor of such tales as *The Turmoil*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, and THE MIDLANDER, (Doubleday Page, $2.00) Tarkington is a faithful and earnest interpreter of the growth of the Mid-West, or perhaps better termed Near-East. He paints a people a trifle more simple, transparent, and crude than the sophisticated Easterner, but never drab and sordid. Possibly they think of more wheat, more machines, more wealth, rather than more art and literature, but their instincts and desires are inherently the same. They are erecting the foundations for a future and more complicated social structure.

The Midlander relates the struggle, financial and marital, of Dan Oliphant, a real estate developer of the booster type. He is not, however, a purely materialistic, locally chauvinistic Babbitt figure, but a more ingenuous, impassioned enthusiast, with a touch of pioneer vision. Contrasted to him is his brother, Harlan, ultra-refined, super-sensitive through over-civilization, misunderstood and therefore restrainedly proud. Lena, Dan's wife, is the

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product of a false environment, trained wrongly and selfishly to emphasize and value trivialities instead of verities, out of sympathy with her neighbors and surroundings. Dan should have married wholesouled and faithful Martha Shelby, and at his death, Harlan does so. Through failure Dan achieves success, and the Ornaby addition and Ornaby "Four" live as his memorial, though he is compelled to relinquish them to alien hands, as business disaster, desertion by wife and child, and physical illness overwhelm him in culminating catastrophe.

Booth Tarkington cannot write a poor novel. *The Midlander* is a good one, whether one reads it for mere pastime, or whether one discerns beneath an unpretentious style a true insight into the soul and psychology of Tarkington's Hoosiers.

WILLIAM R. LANGFELD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Fifty Sonnets

Here are sonnets — a whole book of them — fifty to be exact — and put forth in a most artistic format (A HALF CENTURY OF SONNETS, by Gustav Davidson. Nicholas L. Brown. $3.50.) I think of Dante Gabriel Rosetti and Elizabeth Barrett Browning: They, too, published sonnet-sequences in their day and hour. Although comparisons may be invidious, it is no shame to say that these poems may hold their heads up with pride in that noble company. Here is a harvest of the fruit of beauty, — beauty flavored with mellow imagination and honest romantic lyricism. Here are no half-baked obscurities and clever, intellectual acrobatics. Davidson steps out boldly and with admirable sureness into the enchantment-lighted land of Romance. He will "memorialize one dead, deathless hour," and insofar as this is the purpose, who shall say he has not succeeded? *Absolution, Somewhere I Chanced to Read, in Time of Flowers, Out of My Body's Carnival* are all handled with power and consummate artistry. There are, to be sure, periodical lapses, like "My beautiful and true," "the blasts sound mighty," his rhyming of "beautiful" with "pitiful," and an occasional gesture of mock-heroic, or, let us say, immaturity, such as "Asking no God to give us weak commands," but these are imperfections that creep into the work of the immortals.

Many of the pieces are splendidly Elizabethan in their verve and vigor; in the method of approach. The thought is dressed in imagery fresh and buoyant, and the lines are fraught with feeling that burns and music that allures. Remembrance spins the poet a web of many-colored dreams and carries him along the flowering hedgerows, even as Beaumont and Fletcher and Webster went at dawn, and in the evening down starlit pathways he walks with Rosetti. Let him who will say this is superficial criticism and skim-milk praise! What have poets to do perpetually with a harsh and bitter world that grows so weary to their feet? Romance is always beckoning men afar, and soon again the ancient fields will break into their wonted bloom and fragrance, and the poets with high endeavor will again traverse the orchard-ways of song. Here is a volume of real, poetic literature, — one of the most individual books of poetry of the season.

J. CORSON MILLER.

Buffalo, N. Y.

The Roots of Grasses

I do not incline my ear at the door of tombs
— I listen at the roots of grasses.
I do not question dusty tomes — I ask the stars.

These lines tell us much of the woman who wrote them, and they give to her latest book its title. (AT THE ROOTS OF GRASSES, Muriel Strode. Moffat, Yard. $2.00.) Two years ago Muriel Strode sent forth a book which considerably bothered the critics. In it one went along with a human soul, even to the mystical reaches of human consciousness. It was a spiritual journey of which the poet herself said:

I free myself into world spaces,
Vastness is my adventure.
I am a world person, a sky-plainsman, a maker of spirit trails.

Comparatively few critics could make the journey, — so the literary world of America was almost unaware of the emergence of a unique, perhaps a very great singer; and *A Soul's Faring* became the spiritual property of a limited group — the elect.

But a strongly creative mind and soul is never cast down. Such men and women

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write because theirs is an insistent, a compelling message. Praise and dispraise are alike to them. So, this past summer, *At the Roots of Grasses* appeared, of which a real lover of poetry wrote, "This is the very rhapsody of an American soul pouring itself forth in songs of the strong. It is ablaze with shining courage. . . ." Miss Strode has been likened to Whitman and also to Tagore. She suggests both, in thought and form; but she is always and definitely herself, a "world person."

BLANCHE WATSON.

New York City.

New Hampshire

In reviews of Robert Frost's new book which have appeared in the columns of "The Nation," "The Bookman," and other journals, an air of restrained enthusiasm seems prevalent. Difficult though it may be for a schooled, fast-principled critic to leap into superlatives of praise, NEW HAMPSHIRE (Henry Holt, $2.50) is indeed one of the few books that unquestionably merits it. The reason lies neither in the facts that Mr. Frost is the author, nor that the new volume is his first since 1916. Its particular excellence is revealed in the intensification of the Frostian idiom; and this is true of both the lyrics and the blank verse.

Whether the new volume will equal *North of Boston* in popularity is no fair index of relative merit, since *Mountain Interval* (1916) did not receive its due. The fact is that the same idiom which roused "The Atlantic Monthly" to call Frost's "an authentic, original voice in literature," shows in the new volume a firmer grasp and a more deft lyrical facility. We could hardly have expected lyrics as perfect as *Dust of Snow*, as powerful as *To Earthward*, as lovely as *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening* from the Frost of 1916. Accordingly, the blank verse pieces like the *Star Splitter*, *Maple*, and *A Fountain* are the work of the firmer hand of the fully-matured artist. When a great poet surpasses his established work with even greater achievement our enthusiasm is justified in bubbling over. Especially here in United States where we do not usually take American literature seriously, the appearance of a *great* book like *New Hampshire* is a milestone in the field of American letters. And if it doesn't merit superlatives from the lips of professional critics, it is worthy of, — let's say, — a local holiday.

STANLEY A. BURNSHAW.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Chinese Poems

The publication of Arthur Waley's 170 CHINESE POEMS (Knopf, $2.50) marks a great step toward bringing the best of Chinese poetry to an American audience. Hitherto, translations have been few, inaccurate, and rarely successful as poetry. Waley has made his translations as literal as possible, and at the same time succeeded in infusing most of them with genuine poetic spirit.

He covers a wide field, including poems on war, politics, social life, love, and the subtle and exquisite natural observations at which the Chinese are so deft. There is at present no clearer mirror obtainable than these translations, of the true Chinese attitude toward life, of their elegant and decorative impressions of the moment, of the graceful surface carvings and imagery of their brushes. Their charm has always been irresistible to the Occident; here is an opportunity of partaking of the richest, added to which, what has been lacking in all previous translations, a delicate and harmonious infusion of their philosophy. Treatises on Chinese thought are all but unreadable, here we have it in its most precise essence, — fragrant, sure, and penetrating. Of indefinable and picturesque charm is the following, a children's song, called *The Little Lady of Ch'ing-Hsi'*:

Her door opened on the white water
Close by the side of the timber bridge:
That's where the little lady lived
All alone without a lover.

Most of the poems in the volume have the same quality.

WALTER LEUBA.

Albuquerque, N. M.

(*The same publisher has since brought out a supplementary volume of translations by Mr. Waley under the title of* THE TEMPLE, *which contains a comprehensive introduction explaining the development of Chinese poetry through the various dynasties.* — EDITOR.)

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IRA NELSON MORRIS

Who contributes to this issue of THE FORUM *an article on the problems of present-day Germany. From a portrait by Anders Zorn painted when Mr. Morris was Minister to Sweden*

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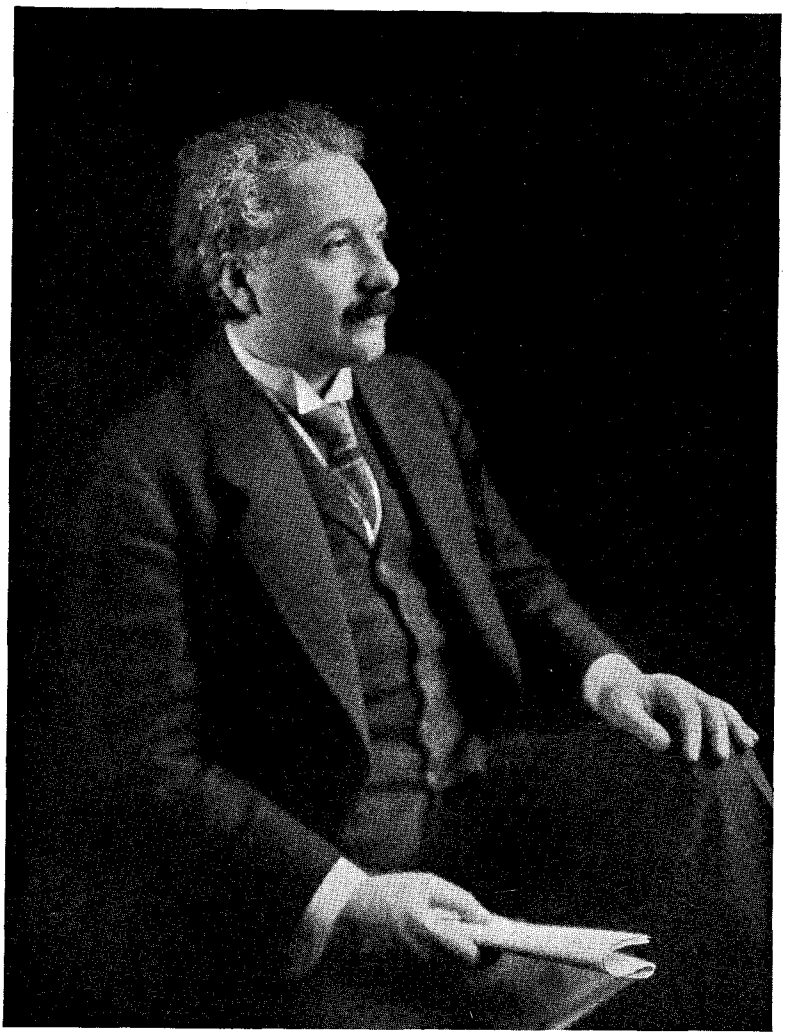

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Whose theory of relativity is the subject of debate in the June and July issues of THE FORUM

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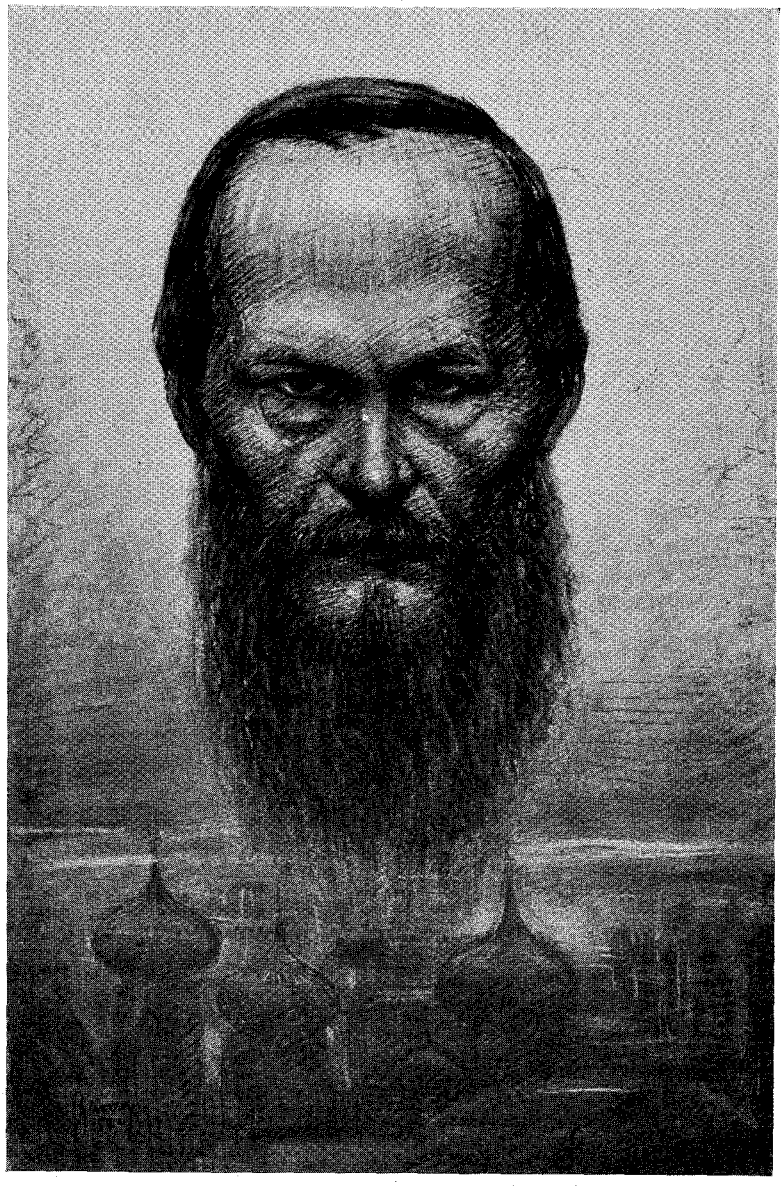

FEODOR MIKAILOVITCH DOSTOEVSKI

Ten of whose letters are being published for the first time in any language, beginning with this issue of THE FORUM. *From a portrait made by A. Javosy*

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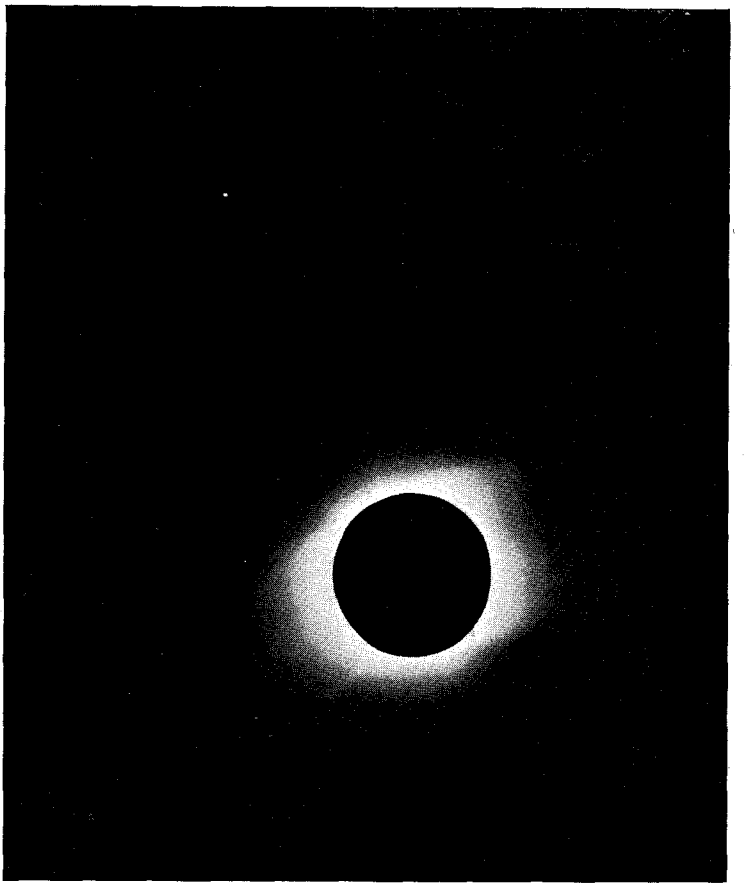

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN

An untouched reproduction of a photograph taken with the Einstein camera at Yerbaniz, Mexico, September 10, 1923. Venus is shown in the upper left hand portion of the plate, but the images of the fainter stars, which show in the negative, are lost in the reproduction. The corona, which consists of very tenuous matter, is shown surrounding the sun. Professor Poor states that Einstein neglects this matter in all his theories, that he asserts that this and similar matter can have no refractive effect upon the light which passes through it, and no gravitational effect upon Mercury

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